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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899.

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## CONTINENTAL LITERATURE,

July, 1898, to July, 1899.

## BELGIUM.

GEORGES RODENBACH, who has died at Paris, was one of those Belgian authors who, like M. Maurice Maeterlinck and M. Camille Lemonnier, have established themselves in the great capital and won a considerable place in French literature. After his death two new works of his appeared, 'Le Miroir du Ciel Natal' and 'L'Arbre.' M. Maeterlinck, whose reputation is now European, has also produced a new book, 'La Sagesse et la Destinée.' M. Georges Eekhoud, a writer of prose altogether Flemish in colour and style, has also in his turn gone to settle at Paris, and has sent us a new novel, 'Escal-Vigor.' Among the numerous instances of Belgian prose by writers who have not left their country, I may notice the 'Tonnelles' of M. Maurice des Ombiaux and the 'Contes Inquiets' of M. Pol Demade.

On the poetical side the harvest has been still more abundant. There are quite twenty new volumes of verse, of which I need only mention 'Le Collier d'Opales' of M. Valère Gille, as well as 'Les Vignes de ma Muraille' and 'Les Visages de la Vie' of M. Emile Verhaeren. In his curious volume 'La Tristesse Contemporaine,' M. Fierens-Gevaert has set himself to study the great moral and intellectual currents which influence literature at the end of our century. M. Jules Garson examines another literary problem of great interest in 'Les Créateurs de la Légende Napoléonienne' (Barthélemy et Méry).

Social and political science grows more in favour year by year. There are, indeed, many works of merit in this branch of investigation, such as 'Recherches sur l'Histoire de l'Economie Politique,' by M. Ernest Nys; 'Science Pénale et Droit Positif,' by M. A. Prins; 'Parasitisme Organique et Parasitisme Social,' by MM. J. Massart and Emile Vander Velde; 'Synthèse Sociologique,' by M. Raphaël Simons; 'L'Évolution de la Neutralité en Droit International,' by

Chevalier Descamps; 'Le Régime Successoral,' by M. Georges Legrand; 'La Vie Sociale Moderne,' by M. Maurice Heins; 'Le Socialisme aux États-Unis,' by M. W. J. Kerby; and 'L'Assurance Municipale contre le Chômage Involontaire,' by M. G. Cornil. Leaving generalities to throw the brightest of lights on concrete and real things, M. Louis Varlez has, in the collection of the Musée Social of Paris, devoted a masterly study to the Socialist party of Ghent and the fellow-workers of the Vooruit, which is led by the well-known tribune Anseele.

In the department of religion and philosophy I must mention 'La Justice et la Sanction Religieuse,' by M. Agathon de Potter; 'Les Origines de la Psychologie Contemporaine,' by Mgr. Mercier; and 'Le Catholicisme Américain,' by the Jesuit Father A. D. Delattre.

In military science there is a new book by the well-known General Brialmont on the 'Progrès de la Défense des États et de la Fortification Permanente depuis Vauban,' besides several monographs, among which will be read with pleasure that of M. Maurice de Maere d'Aertrycke on the history of cavalry among the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians, and the Gallic races in mediæval and modern times.

Among the numerous books of travel may be noted a charming little volume, 'Un Séjour à Patmos,' by MM. J. Bidez and L. Parmentier, who go deep into the life of the Greek monks of the Archipelago.

This year, as always, the African state of King Leopold II. is largely represented in literature. I must note 'L'État Indépendant du Congo,' by M. A. J. Wauters; 'Droit et Administration du Congo,' by M. F. Cattier; 'La Question du Haut-Nil au Point de Vue Belge,' by M. Victor Collin; and 'Les Aptitudes Colonisatrices des Belges,' by M. A. de Hauville. In this connexion also must be mentioned 'Les Grandes Compagnies Coloniales Anglaises du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle,' by M. E. Carton de Wiart, and 'Les Colonies Anciennes et Modernes et les Grandes Compagnies Commerciales,' by M. Henri Martel.

As usual, national history and the publication of original documents pertaining thereto have attracted many authors. M. J. Lameere has published the second volume of 'Ordonnances de Charles Quint'; M. Max Rooses and the late C. Ruelens the third volume of the 'Correspondance de Rubens.' M. F. Vander Haeghen is continuing, with the assistance of MM. Vanden Bergh and Arnold (the latter died prematurely some weeks back), his widely known 'Bibliotheca Belgica.' M. A. Hansay has produced a curious study of economic history in 'La Formation et l'Organisation du Domaine de l'Abbaye de Saint-Trond' up to the end of the thirteenth century. M. Arthur Gaillard has undertaken the 'Histoire du Conseil de Brabant.' The portrait of Daniel de Borchgrave, first Secretary of State of the United Provinces (1550-90) in the time of William the Silent and Leicester, has been drawn by one of his descendants; Baron J. de Chestret de Haneffe has touched on a portion of mediæval history in his fine monograph on 'La Maison de La Marek'; while Baron C. G. de Pélichy has written an inter-

esting chapter of social history in his book on 'L'Organisation du Travail dans les Ports Flamands' in ancient and modern times. But the most striking success is M. Henri Pirenne's book 'Geschichte Belgiens.' The author, who is a professor at the University of Ghent, wrote it in French, and will soon publish it in that language. It appears first in German as one of Prof. Lamprecht's collection of the histories of the peoples of Europe. The author goes only to the beginning of the fourteenth century. The book is history from a new point of view, and deserves to make a great stir. It is only an accident that it appears in German. However, the German movement along the frontier of the Rhine provinces of Prussia and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, of which I spoke last year, still continues. Prof. G. Kurth, of Liège, is at the head of it, and edits the organ of German Belgians called *Deutsch Belgien*. One of these frontier German Belgians, M. Ph. Bourg, has published a play in five acts, 'Papst und Fürst'; and the lovers of German have started a review, half Flemish, half German, *Germania*, which is printed at Brussels.

But these are only exceptions here and there. Alongside of the French literature of Belgium, which is the richest and most varied, only one other form really ranks as a living force, the Flemish; and although the towns of Antwerp and Brussels have opened sumptuous Flemish theatres, and Ghent is going to follow their example next October, the Flemish stage is more abundantly than brilliantly supplied. On the other hand, in the novel and in poetry Flemish authors succeed better. M. Karel Bogaert, a veteran poet, has published a volume entitled 'Wilde Rozen' ('Wild Roses'). In a volume also have appeared the curious plaints of a *chansonnier* of the streets, M. K. Waeri, of Ghent. Among several other names I may note especially M. H. de Marez for his volume 'Mijn Herte Weet' ('My Heart Knows'), and Mlle. Hilda Ram for her 'Wat zei, wat zong dat Kwezelken?'

M. Florimond van Duyse, the well-known writer on music, has published a charming collection of old religious songs with their delightful tunes, under the archaic title of 'Dit is een Suyverlijck Boeckken' ('This is a Little Book of Purity'); while M. Karel Heynderickx has written a 'Studenten-Liederboek' for the students of the Catholic University of Louvain.

Besides the more or less historical novels of M. Noterdaeme and others, and the books of some beginners like MM. Pieter Danco, Gustaaf Lefevre, and J. Leroy, I may mention the posthumous work of Madame Cogen, the daughter of the poet Ledeganck, who adopted the manner of Hans Andersen's stories; 'Licht en Bruin,' two novels by M. Gustaaf Segers; 'Lenteleven' ('Spring Life'), a realistic volume of talent, by M. Stijn Streuvels; and the new volume of M. Cyriel Buyse, 'Uit Vlaanderen' ('From Flanders'), in which he has collected all sorts of little things from the Belgian and Dutch reviews.

The well-known folk-lore authorities, MM. A. de Cock and Pol de Mont, have edited together the fourth volume of their

collection of popular Flemish tales. M. Pol Anri has devoted an interesting book, 'Schemas en Wenschen' ('Schemes and Wishes'), to an explanation and criticism of the pedagogy of Herbart. MM. H. Meert and W. de Vreese have each published a book on the *gallicismes* of Flemish writers of the day. The master and the head of the young school of philology in Flanders, Prof. J. Vercoullie, of Ghent, has remodelled his noteworthy 'Etymologisch Woordenboek der Nederlandsche Taal.' Under the title of 'Inleiding tot de Poëzie' ('Introduction to Poetry') the poet Pol de Mont has explained the theory of his art.

History is beginning to be seriously taken up by Flemish writers. M. E. Vlietinck has written the history of Ostend and its famous siege under Albert and Isabel (1601-1604); M. J. Opdebrinck has written a declamatory but useful work on the part played by the Protestants of the sixteenth century at Poperinghe, a small town of Eastern Flanders; MM. J. F. Pallemarts and Aug. Rees have told the history of the Boerenkrijg of 1798, the revolt of the Flemish peasants against the conscription and the rule of France; and M. de Decker has written a careful monograph on Jan Frans Vande Velde (1743-1823), a member of the Catholic clergy who played a great part in the contentions of his Church with Joseph II. and Napoleon I. The late Willem Rogghé has recounted in his 'Gedenkbladen' ('Memoirs') the curious history of the Flemish movement at Ghent. One of the best books of the year is the doctor's dissertation of M. August Vermeulen on a Brabantine poet of the sixteenth century, Jonker Jan Vander Noot. It is a study, on fresh and elaborate lines, and in a decidedly pretty style, of the life and times of the now almost forgotten champion of the Renaissance in the Netherlands of Philip II., the Duke of Alva, and the Prince of Orange. PAUL FREDERICQ.

#### DENMARK.

I THINK I have said before that the Danish nation is by preference a lyrical nation. Among our natural gifts are humour, a strong sense of irony, and a feeling for beauty and the contrast between joy and melancholy. Our national character has often by our writers and poets been compared to the sea, the ever wandering, ever changing, and it is reflected, as in a mirror, in our literary perfections and shortcomings, the glory of our literature being good, melodious verse, now heavy with melancholy, now careless and unconcerned. Like other nations, we had our folk-songs of old, and when our literature and poetry revived after a time of training at the latter end of the last century, it sprang from the old popular sources, as did Burns's poetry in Scotland, and has left now and then its experimental phases to return to this primitive fountain.

The refined "inwardness" and lyric perfume which pervade the finest literary productions in our country make them less conspicuous to foreigners than the work of the last generation in Norway. It seems as if what has been written in Norway by people like Henrik Ibsen, Bj. Bjørnson, Jonas Lie, Kielland, and many

younger prose-writers, were more substantial, more marked in outline, than our lyrical tales and quiet social satires. I really think that in the best work of Danish fiction there is something untranslatable, something that will scarcely be felt and understood outside the borders of our small kingdom.

For some years past, however, we have tried to follow the stream and produce some novels on sound realistic principles with the necessary psychology or physiology, full of objective strictness and scientific sternness in depicting life in all its ugliness and barbarism, "as it really is"; and there is no doubt that we have to a certain point succeeded. But now I am afraid that the stream is turning back, and taking with it the riches it spread before our eyes, leaving only a few shells wonderfully turned and coloured, or in other and more direct words, I fear that there is a breaking up and a reaction of the national mind.

Yet—let me admit it—we have learnt a good lesson which is not to be forgotten, and even if it has not fallen to our lot, like the great and brilliant Russian novelists, to bless the world with wonderful and lifelike pictures of human existence in all its variety, we have reached a general perfection of style and expression which enables us to unfold our humour, our good-natured wit, and lyric mind—even in prose.

There are always tasks for people if only they know what suits them. Thus, a man like the brilliant author of 'A Recruit of '64' and other beautiful pieces of fiction, P. Fr. Rist, produces small and elaborate pictures of life as it was in the Danish Court during the times of Christian VI. and Frederic V.—the middle of last century—and shows his expertness in imitating the strangely affected, sentimental, and half-Germanized style of the period in a collection of letters supposed to be written by a page in service at the Court at the time.

There is in general at present a tendency to revert to far-off historic times or persons as subjects for imaginative treatment, and writers see an advantage in relying on memoirs or chronicles, which furnish them with incident and save them the trouble of invention. Mathilda Malling tells in 'Donna Yeabel' an old and most romantic story from the time of Napoleon, when French armies invaded Spain. Others keep closer to to-day. Herman Bang in 'The White House' tells the strange tale of a mother in his nervous and fervent style. As for memoirs in the more exact meaning of the word, there is a posthumous book by Major-General Holten, who had the good luck (as a writer and chronicler at least) to serve four Danish kings and know their private life. His book, which is written with a good memory for small things and the most scrupulous sincerity, has, as such books will, made quite a sensation, especially his account of Frederic VII., which is not exactly calculated to glorify this once most popular king, showing him, indeed, as a person scarcely to be held responsible for his actions. Another piece of biography well worth mentioning is Georg Brandes's book on the deceased art critic Prof. Julius Lange, who was not only an excellent student of his subject, but also a most in-

teresting and distinguished man. At the same time I may mention that a complete edition of Georg Brandes's works, literary essays, and critiques is just being published. It comprises almost all his works in book form, but, unfortunately, it is not chronologically arranged, a course which would have been advantageous with an author who has changed so much in his views not only of literature, but also of philosophy and morals, being at first a disciple of Mill, and afterwards a follower of Nietzsche, and advocate of what he calls "aristocratic radicalism." A little pamphlet by him, called 'Danskheden i Sønderjylland' ('The Danishness of Sleswick'), which was published recently, is an address to Germany, in which the author reproaches the Germans for their system of oppression and acts of violence against the Danish in the conquered province, and compares German culture with Danish, not exactly to the credit of the former, showing how much the Germans lack in different fields of spiritual culture, and how little, with their knowledge of history, they understand their opponents.

That indefatigable student of Copenhagen ruffians, and especially of the low and vulgar Copenhagen dialect, Karl Larsen, has added a new picture to his gallery, ironically entitled 'Danske Mænd' ('Danish Men'), describing a gaol-bird of the lowest class with a humour which makes him more a matter for laughter than an object of disgust. As regards character, the author undoubtedly mitigates and embellishes; but the dialect is matchless. While this author occupies himself with the spiritual and linguistic topography of the Danish capital, another writer, Mr. Bering-Liisberg, is going on exploring the topography of our town literally. Being officially engaged as public surveyor of the excavation of ancient sites, he has by his discoveries found a new basis for the story of our city, and thrown new light upon its development in the oldest times. Through excavations in the quarter about St. Nikolaj—an old church, of which only the steeple is left—he has shown that an old harbour for herring-boats existed before Bishop Absalon, generally considered the founder of Copenhagen, began the building of a new town about the "Gamle Torv" (Old Market).

To return to the point where I began, this year has, as regards quantity, produced a rich crop of poetry, and certainly the results are by no means barren, if not of the heaviest sort. Typical as a poet is Sophus Clausen, a soft lazy youth who "feels his life in every limb," and enjoys himself royally. There is a certain strain of the bucolic about him; he is made for a poetic Arcadia, where the air is ever mild, the maidens fair and sweet, and where care is still unborn. Quite in another strain writes Valdemar Rørdam, also a young poet, who this year has retold the old tale of 'Beowulf,' so well known in England. There is talent in his book, which, nevertheless, wants something in personality. Sophus Michaelis has written a collection of poems, 'Sirener,' little things well worked out, and added a collection of translations from Baudelaire's 'Fleurs de Mal.' Most wonderful in his particular style of august serenity are Johannes Jørgensen's 'Digte' ('Poems'), small but perfect. Still smaller



was Aage Matthison-Hansen's 'Venusspeilet og andre Digte' ('The Mirror of Venus, and other Poems'). The principal piece in this book, which supplies the title, is written as an illustration of the well-known picture by Burne-Jones. Other collections of verses were published by S. Schandorph ('Portraits in Verse'); by Olaf Hansen, who imitates the old folk-songs; by a new man, Erik Waage, under the title 'Bachelor'; and others.

I must not forget to mention that that clever student of Danish literature Vilhelm Andersen has finished the first volume of a great work on Adam Oehlenschläger, the father of the romantic school in Denmark at the commencement of this century. Vilh. Andersen is at once an enthusiast in literary matters and a philologist who studies his texts closely, and every work of his is expected as somewhat of an event. But of this work I will write at greater length next year, when, I suppose, it will be finished.

ALFRED IPSEN.

#### FRANCE.

WITHOUT any great risk of contradiction one may, I think, fairly say that literature has not held the first place in France during the past year. The attention of the French has been forcibly monopolized by the vicissitudes of a certain case. Of course, no one can say that the "conspiracy of silence" has been set to work against literature; but it is at least fair to remark that "speculative" literature has had to give place to the excited manifestations of daily polemic. The papers held sovereign sway over the public mind. Artists and thinkers have been living in an atmosphere of contention. Who, then, could boast of retaining his calmness in the thick of a battle? A glance at some recent publications, such as M. France's 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste,' for instance, will prove that the idealists most famous for the *dilettante* character of their convictions have not escaped the influence of their environment. Writers who, if their past record means anything, seemed destined to seek nothing in life but new expressions of beauty, have shown their talents on a most unexpected side; they have revealed themselves to be brilliant and aggressive controversialists. Several of them have gathered together in volume form their polemical articles, but such work has but little connexion with the literary movement of the year. It is sufficient to mention it without delaying over it longer than it deserves.

Do these remarks necessarily imply that the year has been barren and has seen no new work appear worthy of notice? Certainly not. The supply has not slackened; indeed, if there is any complaint to make, it is not of the dearth of books. The flood increases, continues to rise higher. It is a tide which, alas! has no ebb, and on all sides cries of distress may be heard resounding from the critics who have to pass sentence on new works. "Too many books!" "We are submerged!" Happily for the critics, and also for the public, the flood brings with it only mediocre things.

The chroniclers of drama have noted several successes at the theatres, and they have shown the strongest sympathy for M. de Curel in his efforts to get his play 'Nouvelle Idole' performed this year. It is a drama

of ideas in which he has presented the two essential elements of the human soul—reason and suffering—which make feeling. He has drawn no conclusions, but he has shown that reason alone or science alone is not, even for the man of genius, a sufficient guide of life. M. de Curel has proved the richness, force, and boldness of his talent in this piece, in which a controversy of ideas is made into a drama of unusual tragic power.

M. Brieux also possesses courage. He demands praise by his obstinate departure from beaten paths, his disdain of methods and recipes for winning the favour of the general public. All his pieces reveal an intention, an idea, a thesis. And in this connexion the evolution our theatre is undergoing may well be stated. For a long while love was the sole thing our theatre lived on. No good pieces some years ago could do without an adulterer. Times have changed. Authors seem to be abandoning increasingly the formula of "art for art's sake." They wish to speak to the public, attack the follies of the age, lash the vices of certain social classes. It seems as if there was a tendency clearly defined towards the drama of ideas. This evolution of drama is very palpable in the pieces of M. Brieux. In 'Le Berceau' his aim is to display the inconveniences of divorce. It is more like a dissertation than a play. In his view divorce ought only to be allowed to a husband whose union is barren; but to prove his point M. Brieux has in his piece become over-demonstrative and didactic. No such objection can certainly be urged against M. Henri Lavedan. He seems to have chosen as his mission the task of depicting and deriding the vices and follies of his time. No playwright in France does it with such grace, distinction, and mastery as M. Lavedan. His piece of this year, 'Le Vieux Marcheur,' is enough to prove this. For M. Lavedan the "vieux marcheur" is the old monsieur who loves the ladies. The author is too prudent to make his hero a grotesque and offensive creature, and he has created a type which, thanks to his great talents, remains comic without becoming odious. His refined art almost wins sympathy for the oddities of our contemporaries. As much may be said for M. Maurice Donnay, whose 'Georgette Lemeunier' and 'Le Torrent' have been acted, at the Vaudeville and the Comédie Française respectively. In the former piece he has exerted his powers of mocking fancy, and painted pictures of contemporary manners, without much regard for a rigid frame to enclose them. Its digressions are delightful, its lengthy passages pleasing. The second piece, 'Le Torrent,' has not been quite so warmly received, and there are critics who say that in putting in an appearance at the Comédie Française M. Donnay's talent has turned out "dépaycé." M. Georges Ancey has been spared this small mishap at the Théâtre Antoine with his 'L'Avenir,' a bitter and violently pessimistic piece, and M. Fernand Vandérem with his 'Le Calice' at the Vaudeville, in which he exerts the resources of his nimble talent to prove that a woman betrayed has nothing to do but be silent and drink "the cup" to the dregs.

Several historical pieces have been seen this year. M. Émile Bergerat in 'Plus que

Reine' displays the sorrows of Napoleon's first wife, the Empress Joséphine; it is a "pièce à époque." M. Pouillon in 'Le Roi de Rome' brings Napoleon's son on the boards. Perhaps it may be well to state in this connexion that the rage for reconstructions and revivals of the First Empire seems day by day on the increase in France. Among historical pieces must also be classed 'Madame de Lavalette,' by M. Émile Moreau; and it seems not unreasonable to put in the same category 'Judith Renaudin,' by Pierre Loti, who informs us in an "avant propos" that his heroine is not the daughter of his imagination, that she was alive two centuries ago, and wrote from Holland letters full of charm. This piece has captivated the public not so much by the exactness of its reconstruction of history as by the beautiful details it contains in such numbers, its scenes of intimate poetry—the scenery which Loti knows well how to bring before the mind's eye. Entirely different are the qualities to be noted in the 'Struensée' of M. Paul Meurice. This play in verse represents a return to the romantic drama of which Victor Hugo was the chief master. The best praise one can accord to 'Struensée' is to say that the writer has displayed in it some of Victor Hugo's lyric ardour. M. Meurice's noble attempt has found but too few imitators. 'Les Truands' by M. Jean Richepin is not wanting in lyrical brilliancy or picturesque effect; but the piece has not the artistic sincerity which wins us in the case of M. Meurice. Much as I should like to dwell on this last name, I must conclude my survey of the theatre with a mention of an attempt of particular interest to English readers. A poet, M. Jean Aicard, has introduced Shakespeare's 'Othello' to the boards. It is not a literal version, nor what in English is called an "adaptation." M. Aicard takes liberties with the text, and curtails it with all respect for essential parts. He keeps the characters strictly as they are.

The evolution which has been noted in the theatre is also to be remarked in the novel. The novelists, too, have given up studying love only. They have set themselves free from the obsession of the Seventh Commandment. Several of them have attempted to renovate the novel. The fact is that it has become difficult to be original. In France a formidable amount of fiction appears. This year has been as fertile as its predecessors; works swarm; there is a crowd of names, many of them obscure, some celebrated. This last epithet can with entire justice be applied to M. Paul Bourget, who has published 'La Duchesse Bleue'; to M. Paul Adam, who has given us 'La Force'; to M. Anatole France, whose work is 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste'; and some other less famous writers like M. René Bazin and M. Édouard Estaunié. M. Paul Bourget raises in 'La Duchesse Bleue' a curious problem of psychology: "Must the artist experience the sensations which he interprets?" M. Bourget concludes that the artist is a predatory creature, whose cold reason is never disturbed. He has displayed in this novel the powers of deep and subtle psychology which have placed him in the front rank in a class of novel where he has had many imitators. 'La Duchesse Bleue' is not his best work. He has endeavoured to

set going simultaneously a philosophic problem and a novel. He has stumbled against the difficulty of blending his problem with sentimental narration. M. de Vogüé in his 'Les Morts qui Parlent' is not afraid to approach serious social problems which agitate minds of to-day. He introduces us to the Palais Bourbon, which he frequented as a deputy during one "legislature." He has brought away melancholy reflections. Still it appears that he does not regret his excursion into the world of politics, since he returns to it with a book like 'Les Morts qui Parlent.' In this new novel, which contains a delicate love interest closely welded with political intrigue, M. de Vogüé shows once more his mastery, his unsurpassable talent for writing. Here is to be found the richness of style in which splendid images enchant you, enlivened by a breath of strong eloquence which bears up the ideas bravely. It is the book of a poet, an artist, an original and deep thinker. Politics, too, are touched on in 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste,' the third volume of the series which M. France has called "Histoire Contemporaine," which is a mordant satire on our faults and vices. The best thing in the book, the quite first-rate part, is contained in the comic scenes. M. France is an admirable writer of comedy. In his latest novel he shows himself a little more bitter and pessimistic than usual; but to set against this he presents readers with a sympathetic being, and that is a happy novelty! M. Paul Adam in 'La Force' has made a powerful picture of an epoch and a society. The book—vigorous, but constricted in style—shows the author's profound knowledge of the history of the Consulate and the Empire, and has been a great success. In 'La Terre qui Meurt' M. René Bazin speaks of that district of Marais which is gradually dying, because by slow degrees the peasants are becoming disgusted with the country, and are leaving it. M. Bazin has been often compared to George Sand, a criticism which is no small praise. Here he writes of the end of a race, a society, a district, with a sobriety which is in the best taste, and a full, sure, forcible pen which shows mastery. 'Le Ferment,' by M. Estaunié, might be called a social novel. By "ferment" he means the restless, ardent intelligence of sons of workmen and peasants who have been taught too much, and had longings and desires unknown to their fathers developed in them. M. Estaunié studies the social crisis. He uses his realistic talent with moderation in order to display the debasement of those who are mixed up in the desperate struggle of ambitions and appetites. Some other novelists have also published notable books. M. Jean Aicard in 'L'Âme d'un Enfant' attacks the education given to children by the Université. 'Devant le Bonheur,' by M. Jean Thorel, contains a fresh idyl and a most careful study of a character not uncommon in our time—that of the dreamer who contemplates without acting. 'Les Liens Factices,' by M. H. Fèvre, is full of pathetic scenes; certain dialogues in it are interspersed with crude and violent language, sufficient to remind any one who was inclined to forget it that M. Fèvre is a warm advocate of "naturalism." In 'Sébastien Gouvès' M. Léon Daudet

has shown himself to be a satirist of force. M. Ernest La Jeunesse, a young writer with a promising future, wins admiration in 'L'Holocauste' and 'L'Inimitable' by a singularly taking style and fine artistic qualities. 'Mademoiselle Cloque,' by M. René Boylesve, is one of the best of the "romans documentaires" in which young writers of to-day prefer to display their subtle and severe talents as observers.

The poets have been more discreet than the novelists. They produce less. To say that ours is not an age of poetry is a commonplace; still we have poets yet. But apparently they rhyme in silence, and do not venture to face the indifference of their contemporaries. This is all the more reason for not forgetting them here. M. A. Le Braz has written 'La Chanson de la Bretagne.' He has animated his book with the spirit of youth, a vigour of sound realism, free from exaggeration, affectation, or brutality. It reveals a great charm inspired by the love of his native land, that Brittany which is daily disappearing. 'Les Poèmes de l'Amour et de la Mort,' by M. Lebey, are notable for a singular simplicity of style, a tendency to complaisant indulgence in melancholy, ideas of death and nothingness. M. Maurice Magre in 'La Chanson des Hommes' leaves the study of the interior man, so common with poets, for a relation of the feelings that stir him in contact with men and things; he sings of the sad and joyful things of life. In 'Artiste et Poète' M. Jean Bach-Sisley has chosen a series of works of art, pictures and statues, and translated into verse the impression they gave him when he looked at them. Instead of stopping to notice and criticize, among books of poetry, 'Les Années Funestes,' by Victor Hugo, in which his executors have gathered together verses in manuscript of his which have, alas! all his faults without any of his great qualities, I prefer to linger over poets of to-day. M. Montier has published 'L'Idéale Jeunesse,' with a preface by the Academician M. Sully-Prudhomme. M. Montier's intention is to temper and ennoble youth. He displays his Christian faith, and mingles with impersonal verse impressions of adolescence. M. Maurice Rollinat has left the retirement in which he has shut himself up for several years to produce 'Paysages et Paysans.' M. Rollinat has been styled the pupil of George Sand and Edgar Poe. He is the singer of rural splendours, of extravagances and terrors. In his last book he has preserved the strange accent, quite his own, which was displayed in his earlier books. His poems smell of the heather and broom. They call up winter evenings by the fireside. At Paris these poems could not be produced, which, indeed, is a pity.

Several works of literary criticism have appeared which are signed by well-known names. M. Jules Lemaitre has published a new series of his 'Impressions de Théâtre,' in which the qualities which won our admiration in his previous critical works—pointed *finesse*, a nimble wit, clearness, and grace—are once again to be found. M. Larroumet has written for the "Collection of Great French Writers" a study on 'Racine.' In this he displays the intimate life of Racine, and places him in his time, his country, his family. He

searches into the soul of the poet, judging him without favour or prejudice. M. Édouard Rod has put his name to an 'Essai sur Goethe.' He makes a biography of his hero, follows his career from birth to death, and explains his acts by his character. It is a solid essay such as one might expect from M. Rod, as strong in documentary evidence as it is pleasing to read. M. Lintilhac has published some of the 'Conférences Dramatiques' for which he has been responsible. Along with the examples he gives he puts some theoretical considerations which may serve as a grammar to *débutants*. M. Lintilhac advises them to improvise their speeches. M. Auguste Filon in his book 'De Dumas à Rostand' studies the dramatic movement of the day. He does not think it necessary to deal hardly with Dumas, Augier, Sardou, and Pailleron. He is ironical and witty without, however, being ill-tempered. His book is written with a supple and light pen. M. Henry Bérenger in 'L'Année Intellectuelle' appreciates the literary work of the year with great ability and courageous freedom. M. Robert de Montesquiou, hitherto known to the world only as a poet, has made his first appearance as an art critic in a volume entitled 'Autels Privilegiés.' He wishes to make art the privilege of a small number of persons. His book is full of personal memories, and is the work of a refined spirit, though not devoid of affectation of style. In 'L'Anarchie Intellectuelle' M. Charles Recolin makes a forcible protest against the caprices of literary fashion which reign for a day only. He declares that the "anarchy" which wreaks itself at the present day on literature is due to two causes—the break with tradition and individualism. The volume is written in a clear and lively style, and has met with discussion and opposition.

The history of the year suggests one general reflection at the outset. In this kind of work it is the "document" which carries all before it. Where are the days when writers studied and looked for the laws—the philosophy—of history? Now the public want no general ideas, no philosophical meditations, but facts. M. F. Masson is a past master of the art of compiling documentary history. He shows great perseverance in his picture of the Napoleonic era called up before us in minute details. He has made a speciality of this branch of historical study. This year he has published 'Joséphine de Beauharnais.' He is certainly the most original of Napoleon's biographers, and possesses a very real stock of erudition; especially on this favourite epoch of his he has seen, read, and examined everything. He is full of anecdote, pleasant sayings, and picturesque episodes. He admires Napoleon; but he is severe on Josephine. Like all M. Masson's books, 'Joséphine de Beauharnais' has been exceedingly successful. It cannot be denied, however, that the enthusiasm of the public for all writing concerning Napoleon I. and his times has helped the author a good deal. M. Henry Houssaye and his 'Waterloo' have certainly benefited also by this feeling in France. M. Houssaye deals with the declining period of the Emperor. He has disentangled facts from the enormous mass of documents. Facts speak in his book;



he adds no paraphrases or interpretations. All in the story is action and movement, for M. Houssaye has a wonderful power of bringing things before you. His book is something like final. He has gone exclusively to original documents, ransacked archives, consulted foreign writers, and scrutinized English documents—a point which makes him an innovator, as he is the first French writer on the Hundred Days, I think, who has gone to such a source. So we can say that M. Houssaye has told us the truth about Waterloo. The book is written in a style clear, rapid, very French. These same qualities of precision and accuracy in details are notable also in 'La Duchesse de Bourgogne' of M. d'Haussonville. The author will devote two or perhaps three volumes to the complete biography of the princess. The volume which has appeared this year tells the history of the little daughter of Louis XIV. from birth to marriage at the age of twelve. M. d'Haussonville describes the relations between France and Savoy at the end of the seventeenth century, and continues with the inner history of Versailles at the same date—that is to say, the history of the old age of Louis XIV. M. Lacour-Gayet, on the contrary, depicts the youth of the great king in his book entitled 'L'Éducation Politique de Louis XIV.' A theory of royal power in the seventeenth century prefaces the account of the way in which Louis XIV. was brought up. The author's researches prove that the king received practically no teaching, but a solid political education. The second part especially of the book shows its author's originality. Several other historical books have appeared, of which I may mention 'Diderot et Catherine II.,' by M. Maurice Tourneux, a book full of documents and unpublished details of Diderot's stay in Russia; 'Napoléon III.,' by M. Sylvain Blot; and 'Le Maréchal Canrobert,' by M. Germain Bapst. It seems natural also to notice under history the 'Hommes et Choses d'Outremer' of M. Homelle, a book in which the author does not stint his admiration for Gladstone and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, including detailed lives of these two persons.

The year has been by no means barren of social, moral, and philosophical studies too. Several writers have offered to the public work of unquestionable value in these departments. Of these M. Edmond Demolins must be mentioned first. He thinks little of literary style and elegance. His two latest books follow up the ideas which had such a success in 'A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.' In them he applies to the French his experimental method, and, leaving theory, proceeds to the practice which follows it. In 'Les Français d'Aujourd'hui' he undertakes to explain the different social types which together make French society. In 'L'Éducation Nouvelle' he extols with enthusiasm the methods of education pursued in England. He praises the activity, the individual initiative, the taste for personal work he finds. Finally, he announces that "l'École des Roches" will be opened in October, 1899. This school, according to him, is the English boarding-school transplanted into France. M. Hugues Le Roux has reached the same conclusions

as M. Demolins, though he does not proceed with the same strict scientific method. In his book 'Nos Fils, que feront-ils? Nos Filles, qu'en ferons-nous?' he extols in his turn, with an eloquence which is infectious, effort, energy, will, individual initiative. He asks fathers of families to develop these qualities among their children, an excellent piece of advice which, I fear, will not be followed. A serious educational problem is also attacked by M. Fouillée in 'Les Études Classiques et la Démocratie.' He does not deny the necessity of continual effort, but he shows the dangers of exclusively utilitarian tendencies in education. Liberal study, he thinks, aims at the formation of a chosen and enlightened few, capable of dismissing immediate interests in view of a more distant national ideal. From the works mentioned it is easy to gather the importance attached by the French just now to problems of education. The ambition of the writers cited is to take away from youth its inertness, its sterile sadness. The sadness of youth! One would like to think that this is no more than a literary paradox; but is it better to deny the existence of an evil than to attempt to remedy it? M. Fierens-Gevaert does not think so. In his book 'La Tristesse Contemporaine' he examines the state of the minds of young men of to-day. He studies the melancholy in which they languish, decides its causes, and seeks some means of cure. In the books just mentioned the social question, "the great question," is not touched on, except on one side. It is attacked in part in other works of the year. M. Gustave Le Bon has published 'La Psychologie du Socialisme,' which is full of original ideas. M. Le Bon considers Socialism as a religion. He analyzes it from this point of view with much acuteness and steadiness. Possessed by the ideas of Spencer, and quite sure about evolution, he is a very determined anti-Socialist. According to him, races are not equal. Men not being equal, the inequality of social conditions is a necessity. M. E. Fournière in 'L'Idéalisme Social' arrives at quite a different conclusion. Here he works out his thoughts on the value of utopian theories of social development, on the ideal family and city. M. Fournière believes in the future of his theories. The idea of Socialism, attacked by M. Le Bon, and extolled by M. Fournière, is not a thing of yesterday, if we are to believe M. Hauser, who in 'Ouvriers du Temps Passé' proves that the social question, the differences between capital and work, have been in existence ever since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. M. André Lichtenberger in 'Socialisme Historique' writes the history of this Socialistic idea in the France of 1789 and 1796.

Several works of philosophy deserve attention also. The names of M. Henri Lichtenberger, M. Henri Berr, M. l'Abbé Piat, and M. Pierre Lafitte may be mentioned. The first named has treated 'La Philosophie de Nietzsche,' and summarizes with great clearness the principal theories of the philosopher, whose doctrine may be put briefly thus: "There is only one sacred right in the world, the right of force." M. Lichtenberger deserves thanks for not having made himself an unthinking apologist for Nietzsche. M. Henri Berr has given us,

under the title 'L'Avenir de la Philosophie,' a sketch of a "synthèse des connaissances fondée sur l'histoire." He does not wish philosophy to be considered as a pastime equally idle and brilliant. In his view it can provide a working method of establishing the truth definitely. M. Berr believes in life, in science, in civilization. M. Piat in 'La Destinée de l'Homme' studies the problem of the spirituality and immortality of the soul. His aim is to prove an after life. He arrives at the conclusion that materialism cannot be proved. M. P. Lafitte in 'Le Faust de Goethe' presents a general theory of art which is that of Comte, and applies his ideas to the case of Faust.

There remain for notice several books that do not fall exactly under any of the previous categories, and are inspired by the religious idea. First of all comes the book of M. François Coppée, 'La Bonne Souffrance,' in which, in a familiar and often eloquent style, he tells the occasion and influences which resulted in his return to the faith. He enters on no theological thesis, and does not attempt to penetrate the obscurities of dogma. He tells us how, on emerging from an illness, he read and meditated on the Gospel, which taught calmness, courage, and how to suffer and die. This work has been a brilliant success among certain classes of readers. It has reached, I believe, a seventieth edition. M. Henry Joly has published 'Saint Ignace de Loyola,' in which he analyzes with great insight the letters and the constitutions of the founder of the Jesuit order. His book contains psychology as well as history. In the same collection M. Horn has produced 'Saint Étienne, Roi de Hongrie,' a work of exact learning, which deals with the early days of the Hungarian monarchy.

At the end of this rapid review of the intellectual work of the year an attempt may be made to give a general impression of the whole, though any such definition is difficult. One idea stands out clearly enough from the present survey. In France there are no longer literary schools, though it is easy to recognize "tendencies." It would be a paradoxical and most unjust thing to say that all the literary schools which have come forth and had their day of glory in our times have gone bankrupt. They have undergone the law of evolution; they have disappeared in obedience to the manifestations of a new code of literary aesthetics, or, in plain terms, because the public have gone after new gods. Certainly M. Zola, the head of the realistic school, and M. Bourget, the undisputed master of the psychological novel, have not stopped writing (and of that we are very glad); but who of the young novelists makes their methods his model? There are no more schools because no more masters are wanted in literature. The first act of a writer born into the literary world is to declare his independence and assert, as best he can, his autonomy. In the novel, in poetry, history, philosophy, criticism, isolation is the thing, and every one is at least an individualist. Writers—some of them not the least—cannot help regretting this state of things. When they want to characterize the intellectual effort of our time they talk of "chaos," and even go so far as to speak of "literary anarchy." The "ten-

dencies" recognized here and by them do not restore their spirits at all, because they are confused and cannot be grouped. Perhaps their pessimism is a little unreasonable. What era was more barren, more disturbed, from the literary point of view, than the last years of the eighteenth century? Yet at that very time Chateaubriand was writing 'Le Génie du Christianisme,' which was to give a new direction to the spirit of the age, and exercise a great influence over all the literature of the century. Perhaps at the time when I am finishing this article some new Chateaubriand is writing a work of genius destined to inaugurate an epoch, to set brilliance which does not know itself going, to direct those who are seeking the way. It is for the twentieth century to speak.

JULES PRAVIEUX.

#### GERMANY.

THE year on which we are looking back witnessed the death of Bismarck, and gave us his memoirs 'Bismarck, the Man and Statesman.' His monument is composed of no perishable material, and its construction reveals his individuality even in the smallest details. Everything in this book is personal. The five-and-twenty years and more of German and other than German history became a mirror of his personality. Actions and men appear as he saw them, and he allows them to be rated at no other value. The book expresses his will as much as his opinions. The first Imperial Chancellor of Germany paid no regard to his opponents' views when he sat on the ministerial bench, and was no more disposed to allow in his memoirs for the opinions of those who differed from him. Nay, more, his hatred pursues his enemies even within these historic pages. With cruel sarcasm he destroys for the second time the instruments that he first used and then threw away, along with the others who actually ventured to cross his path. The reader of these memoirs will understand the significance of the remark made by Bismarck one morning to a faithful adherent, "I have spent another whole night in hating," as well as this confidential utterance on the part of the Emperor William I., "It is not easy to be an Emperor under such a Chancellor." It is probable, too, that the future historian who endeavours to write an impartial account of these years will find a difficulty in deciding how far Bismarck's conception corresponds to reality; but after all that is beside the question. These memoirs of Bismarck's are a great work, all the greater because they contain shadow as well as light. If there is any truth in the proverb "Every light has its shadow," it certainly applies here. The whole energy of this man's personality is expressed by the combination of great and small traits. And the intellect that breathes from every line is a sovereign one. Facts seem to arrange themselves almost automatically as he desires to see them. Busch's 'Bismarck, some Secret Pages of his History,' which, in spite of its miscellaneous character, contains a good deal of valuable material, should be compared with these memoirs in order to obtain a true conception of their greatness. The man who wrote them contemplated men and things from a lofty standpoint. He had the gift of form, and the power of coining phrases that should

linger in men's minds. Though Bismarck was not compelled to wield the pen that his greatness might survive in the memory of his countrymen, it may yet be that this work will add to his greatness in the eyes of future generations.

Bismarck concerned himself but little with literature, and on the few occasions when one of his literary judgments was made public, it was seldom much to the point. None the less his influence on German literature was considerable, though it would be premature to attempt definitely to fix its scope. Goethe once said that Frederick the Great gave weight to German literature. This would not apply to Bismarck; his influence was of a different character. Here, too, it depended on his personality, and on this alone. He disliked fine phrases, and the result was a feeling of distrust for mere phrase-making in literature. His politics were concerned with actualities; literature, too, was reared on a basis of fact. Fidelity to nature became the catchword. Active, unsentimental characters rose in general esteem; the sentimental went out of favour. And as so often happens, in the attempt to root out the weeds the flowers too suffered. Not only sentimentality, but also noble and right feeling, or at any rate its expression, was tabooed. The young literature of the eighties made no mention of feeling. It expresses a scepticism which, however, yielded humbly before the advent of reality, one in which the peculiarity of Bismarck's personality had its full share. Add to this the external influence of Ibsen and Zola, and we have the characteristics that mark the young literary movement whose chief representatives are Hauptmann and Sudermann.

Consistent realism was inscribed on their standards, more faithful to their watchword than even the old adherents of "Sturm und Drang." Everything had to be drawn just as it was seen. Only the question arises, How was it seen? Even the titles of Hauptmann's and Sudermann's first plays are characteristic: 'Vor Sonnenaufgang,' 'Friedensfest,' 'Ehre,' and 'Sodoms Ende.' A moralizing tendency is noticeable in these titles. Externally it is directed towards a criticism of social conditions. Internally this rationalistic moralizing vein reveals itself most distinctly in the conception of the characters. In these plays all the personages were little. They were narrow souls without strong passions and daring vices, with no great aims or furious desires. There was something stifling about the atmosphere in which they moved. Every additional trait made them seem smaller. Their weakness became their ruin. This young literature with its rationalistic moralizing, which of itself revealed a reactionary tendency, took a revolutionary form. The authors of the previous generation were ruthlessly thrown on the rubbish heap. One alone was spared. This one—who, though always a realist, had differed intrinsically, especially in his conception of character, from this "young school"—still took pleasure in this aftergrowth, defended them kindly and sympathetically, and offered no objection when they claimed him as their own. This was Theodor Fontane. The year of Bismarck's death also witnessed

Fontane's. He lived just long enough to write a charming little ode on the statesman's death, then he too passed away. Only a few weeks before his death his autobiographical sketches 'Von Zwanzig bis Dreissig,' appeared. Before his last novel 'Der Stechlin' left the press we had stood beside his grave.

It is impossible to make those of another nation understand what Fontane was and still is to us. He was distinctly a North German, Prussian, even Brandenburg writer, and even in Vienna he attracted little notice. But we loved him, and named him the best among us. He depicted the men whom we know as we see or should wish to see them. He was a distinct realist, but his realism had a subjective character. Thus he followed in his own path. His 'Stechlin,' though called a novel, has no claim to that designation. There is an almost complete lack of action. We are received into the ancient and humble seat of Stechlin; we sit on the terrace opposite the old widowed lord of Stechlin, who is a capital talker, like Fontane himself, and listen to his chat. We are associated in the management of his estate. His son, who is a captain in the Emperor's regiment of Uhlans, arrives on a visit with a few friends, and we learn that the time has come for him to seek a suitable partner for life. He finds her, too, and there is a happy wedding, followed by a calm, resigned death-bed scene; the old lord of Stechlin is attended to his last home, and the ancient dwelling sees a youthful pair within its walls, who will live in their own fashion on the estate of their ancestors. This exhausts the contents of the book, and as it lacks action there is hardly any composition to speak of. All the same this 'Stechlin' is a book of the most intimate charm. No matter whether we are sitting on the terrace at Stechlin, or drawing an easy-chair to the fire in Count Barby's house on the Kronprinzenufer at Berlin, where young Stechlin finds his bride, we still feel at home. These people win our hearts. We can see into their hearts, and we rejoice that we are permitted to do so. We know, too, how they adapt themselves to life, each after his own fashion. More than that, we can figure them in any of the many situations which life may present, no matter how different from those depicted in the story, and know exactly how they would act. We might imagine them as the companions of our own lives, and, in fact, this is just what we do. To read Fontane means to live with his characters. And though the novel be wanting in action, there is no lack of matter. New ideas are constantly arising in the world; Liberals and Socialists are seeking recruits, and their views of life are communicated. Even the old aristocracy of the Mark comes under this influence, adopts these ideas, and coquettes with the fashions of the day. What is its real relation to these new ideas? That is the subject of the novel. This problem is treated in a purely human fashion, without any subordinate partisan purpose. In his characteristic fashion, with a touch of gentle irony, old Fontane furnishes a symbolic treatment of this theme. Close to Stechlin Castle lies a peaceful lake of the same name. Whenever there is any volcanic eruption or earthquake in any part of the



world, the face of this little Mark lake is troubled, waves begin to rise, a fiery column may even seem to be rising from it. It is the symbol of the aristocracy of the Mark. This aristocracy is forced into sympathy with the doings of the world beyond, but it always settles down to its normal condition.

As in his novel, so in his autobiographical sketches 'Von Zwanzig bis Dreissig' (that is, from his twentieth year to his thirtieth), the mere human interest predominates. These memoirs are a piece of purely personal literature. An independent interest attaches to Fontane's account of his youthful years, the association of Berlin authors and critics known as the "Tunnel," and his personal connexion with the revolution of March, 1848. But it attains its real value by his method of regarding persons and things, for old Fontane had a broad and kindly spirit, and the superiority of the man who regards life calmly from the spectator's point of view and recognizes the insignificance of his own existence. Still, future historians will have to use Fontane's memoirs with as much caution as Bismarck's.

If the younger generation of authors in the eighties claimed Fontane without further ceremony as their own, they were to some extent in the position of the good citizens of Bagdad, who unceremoniously invited the Khalif Haroun al Raschid, when he took his evening walks in *mufti*, into their houses, and made him a witness of their domestic affairs. Since then conditions have changed. The revolution which they proclaimed so loudly in the streets and market-places was followed—quite imperceptibly and without any external display—by a violent internal revolution. The tendency to rationalistic moralizing was shaken off like a childish ailment. Besides the mere outward faculty of sight and observation, they have developed a gift of inward perception without which human nature cannot be truly grasped. They have become more subjective, their conception of men and women has been deepened. Our latest fiction shows a deepening tendency. This tendency has been faintly noticeable for some time, but it has never come so clearly into view as in this last year's dramatic products. Hauptmann's latest play 'Fuhrmann Henschel' and Sudermann's fairy play 'Die drei Reiherfedern' may be cited in proof.

The events described in 'Fuhrmann Henschel' are exceedingly simple. Henschel's wife when dying forces him to promise that after her death he will not marry the girl who is at this time in their service. He promises, and his wife dies. But his household cannot get on without a woman, the child needs a mother, and he marries the servant after all. Then she deceives him, makes his life a burden, and stirs up strife between her husband and his friends and neighbours. One day at the inn he has a quarrel with his brother-in-law, who tells him the truth about his wife. He demands proofs and sends for his wife, and she can find no defence. Then the truth flashes on him—either he or his wife must die. So he goes away and hangs himself.

There is something in the delineation of these characters which gives them an appearance of greatness. They

are presented with wonderful clearness and simplicity, in broad outlines which of themselves confer this impression. But there is something more in it. What is the real cause of Henschel's ruin? The powerful, calm, phlegmatic man, accustomed to rid himself of obstacles by a single blow from his strong shoulder, and to attack life with his heavy fists, is not of the kind that can be ruined by a loose and deceitful woman. Nor is it exactly true that the consciousness of guilt in breaking the pledge given to his dying wife works his destruction. He is not the man to be worried by doubts and scruples. He is a simple-minded nature, satisfied with what the day brings forth, who does what he thinks right without brooding over the matter. He needed a wife to manage the house, and had found the girl capable, so he took her. Nor had his first wife any occasion for jealousy when she exacted his promise; a kind of second sight had come upon the dying woman—it was as though destiny spoke from her lips. From that day forth Henschel, too, is pursued by destiny. He feels that something weighs him down, he knows not what. He still feels the presence of his dead wife. She attends him on his drives, she is near him when he feeds the horses in the morning. Her child, who dies soon after her, must have been drawn after its mother. He sees things in the room that he never used to notice. He does not know whether the furniture always stood in its present position; everywhere he suspects innovations. When at length he learns his second wife's infidelity, he considers quite calmly what to do next. He comes to the conclusion that one of them must die; but his contemplations carry him no further. Suddenly he lights on a piece of whipcord which he fancies he has not seen for years; and since this seems to be the will of destiny, he hangs himself with it. Call it fate or what you will, a mystic something has urged him to his death. A mystic cloud seems to envelope the personages of this drama, and increases their proportions like figures seen through the mist. Something recalls the art of Balzac. This is no rationalistic moralizing realism; this is art which has freed itself from mere externals. It seeks man in his greatness as it formerly sought him in his smallness. There is a note of spring wafted from Gerhard Hauptmann's latest play; a feeling of vague longing breathes from it.

Longing, too, is the note of Sudermann's fairy poem 'Die drei Reiherfedern.' His first novel was called 'Frau Sorge'; this play might well be christened 'Frau Sehnsucht.' It leads Sudermann back to the moods of his youth, and restores the elements of lyric feeling and personality which were so regrettably wanting in his recent successful plays. All the same, the new play is a failure; it lacks clearness, and with it scenic effectiveness and human interest. But the element of longing has been fathomed to its depths. It is this unending desire that drives the young Northern hero Prince Witte ceaselessly about the world; it is the eternal tragedy of the delusion of desire that prevents him, when once he has attained the idol of his longings, from recognizing his dream, and he casts it from him to pursue the phantom once more. A woman is the

goal of his desire—that is a matter of course in Sudermann. The very woman of his longings falls to Prince Witte's lot, and he never guesses that desire is attained, but forsakes her and continues his wanderings, until in the end death unites him to the object of his desire, but not of his love. The three heron's feathers which Prince Witte is to rescue at the risk of his life from magic dominion are merely a part of this delusion of desire. Sudermann conceives of desire as in opposition to love. There is something almost Scriptural in his idea of love as the principle of life and desire as that of death. The first and last scenes of this fantastic play are laid in a burial-ground, whence a mysterious woman sends him forth on his pilgrimage of desire, and whither he returns in the end to find his last resting-place in its silent realm. All this shows depth of feeling, but there is a lack of clearness about the form in which it is presented, and the characters do not carry conviction. Still this play, in spite of its failure, is better testimony to Sudermann's powers than his great theatrical successes. The 'Drei Reiherfedern' testifies to the deepening of his art.

The lyrical element is of chief importance in the plays of two young Viennese writers, Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Schnitzler's is an art of half-tones and unexpressed, conflicting feelings, fleeting emotions, and veiled sufferings. His one-act play 'Die Gefährtin' pictures the husband of a faithless wife who knew of her infidelity on the day of her funeral, and is a little piece of tender, delicate painting of moods. His longer piece 'Das Vermächtnis,' which he presented to us last winter, was a failure of no import either for himself or his art. But another one-act play, 'Der grüne Kakadu,' a fantastic caprice of the French Revolution period, has been amazingly successful in its daring combination of reality and appearance in that essentially dramatic theme—the transformation of a play into reality. This subject is repeated in yet a third one-act play, 'Paracelsus,' in a somewhat uninteresting and didactic fashion.

While Schnitzler is the lyrical exponent of tender half-emotions, another true lyricist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, shows a preference for warm and brilliant colours. His 'Hochzeit der Sobeide,' a fairy tragedy in two acts, suffused with all the colouring of the East, and his 'Abenteurer,' penetrated with the spirit of eighteenth-century Venice, are simple essays in colour. Both present sharp contrasts—a scene of tearful renunciation may be followed by a glaring presentation of uncontrolled debauchery—and these changing pictures spring alike from a feeling of the transitoriness of beauty. Hugo von Hofmannsthal is a disciple of the doctrine of 'Part pour l'art.' A beautiful picture, a melodious line, are in his eyes an end in themselves. He asks nothing of reality, and reality gives him nothing; he dreams his personages into picturesque poses, and the colours of his dreams are more brilliant than those of reality. He is a fine stylist, but his art has a flavour of decadence; it appeals to the taste more than to the heart.

Our literature at present shows traces of a deepening influence; we have grown tired

of slavishly copying nature. Doubtless it is this desire for stronger and independent notes which has led Ludwig Fulda in his 'Herostat' to the world of antiquity, and Max Halbe in his 'Eroberer' to that of the Renaissance. Both have returned empty-handed. Their plays lacked life; only puppets in costume moved across the stage. Another of Max Halbe's plays also appeared this winter, 'Die Heimatlosen.' It deals with the story of a young maid from the country, who runs away from her mother, and subsequently comes to grief in the "Bohème" of Berlin, is seduced, and then cast aside. Ten years ago this play, with its straightforward, honest fidelity to life, would have attained success; to-day it has no meaning for us. The element of personality is wanting. This same element, which alone carries artistic conviction, is lacking in 'Pauline,' a comedy by Georg Hirschfeld, the clever young author of 'Mütter,' and in Max Dreyer's three-act play 'Hans.' The latest plays of Halbe, Hirschfeld, and Dreyer convey an impression of arrested development. Their art was in fact simply the literary fashion of ten years ago. On the other hand, Ernst von Wildenbruch, who has never followed any literary fashion, and always proceeded on his own lines in his dramatic work, the representative of pathos among our dramatists, was equally unsuccessful this year with his play 'Gewitternacht,' a patriotic tragedy of the Silesian wars. There is one thrilling act full of wild enthusiasm for Frederick the Great, for no one understands the art of communicating enthusiasm better than Wildenbruch; this is the only part of the tragedy with any life about it. The other four acts, and in particular the conclusion, are overpowering without being effective. His work is not unlitrary, but it is of no value to literature.

It might be expected that the lyrical tendency of the drama would result in a strong independent lyrical harvest. This is not the case. We are not altogether without a new growth of lyrics, for we have Detlev von Liliencron—not, however, in his first youth—Carl Busse, Carl Henckell, and Ludwig Jacobowski, but it would be absurd to boast of any special lyrical wealth. Still this past year has revealed to us a very interesting new-comer in this domain. Stefan George was already known to a small circle. He had published in conjunction with a few like-minded spirits the 'Blätter für die Kunst,' which circulated only in manuscript, for he and his party would have no dealings with the general public. Lately, however, three little volumes of his—'Hymnen, Pilgerfahrten, Algalab,' 'Bücher der Hirten,' and 'Jahr der Seele'—have been committed to print. Stefan George recalls Hofmannsthal, of whom I have already spoken. Of English poets he comes nearest to Rossetti. His work is the elaboration of art, it has no connexion with reality. What never happened anywhere—that alone is the subject of his verse. He deals with impressions of the soul and not the senses. Nor does he present the emotions directly, but transfers them to some other fantastic sphere. His images belong to the domain neither of sight nor of simile; they are dream pictures. His poems are the visions of a man saturated with art. At times he

inclines to the chaste and simple, he has a cultivated affection for it. He returns to simple fare like a man sated with luxury. Then once again all is colour and ornament. In his gardens grow artificial flowers that send forth scent instead of fragrance. His men are pale and sickly and have no hold on the earth; they renounce before they even desire. Their life passes into melody. Form is an end in itself. His verse cannot be resolved into prose, nor his thoughts set forth in logical sequence. He is more tender and delicate than Hugo von Hofmannsthal, his colours are even fainter, his symbolism more extreme. Both poets leave the impression that their decadence is imitative and acquired. There is nothing convincing about the peculiarity they affect. Both possess a gift more genuine than their manner of expressing it, and there is more artificiality than art about their productions.

At the time when the younger generation entered the lists with "naturalism" for their rallying-cry, Paul Heyse was one of the best hated and most often attacked of all our writers. Scarcely anything is so characteristic of the changes undergone by the art conceptions of the young generation as their drawing near, in thought at any rate, to Heyse's art. Those who are unacquainted with Heyse had better not begin upon his latest volume of stories, 'Der Sohn seines Vaters, und andere Novellen'; those who do know him will accept even this contribution thankfully. The problems with which Heyse deals—for he always deals with problems—are invariably interesting, and their solution reveals him as a subtle psychologist. But that is not their chief characteristic. Those who read Heyse in the right fashion read him not so much for the interest of his subject as for his own sake. The mind that speaks in all his works is a noble one. He stands above his characters, and looks down on them with gentle humour. He softens reality before he presents it to us. His art, too, is artificial, but in his case the style and the man are one. There is a preponderance of beauty in his manner, especially in his language. We need not open the first of these stories, 'Der Sohn seines Vaters' (which deals with a young man who never gets on, just because he is the son of his rich father), to feel transported into another world. Even when dealing with a *risqué* subject as, in 'Männertreu,' another of these stories, he maintains his dignity, because his language is choice and the form ennobles the subject. If our most recent literature is weak in natural feeling, we may here, too, find in Heyse what we miss in others.

The present almost exclusive cult of the drama on the part of our chief writers involves a certain danger. But a small part of the emotional life of modern men and women can be expressed by it. The drama is dependent on outward action, and our lives are growing poorer and poorer in it: this of itself imposes a certain difficulty. But the productions in other literary fields, such as the novel, bear scarcely any relation to the literary tendencies of the day, especially now that we have lost Fontane.

Still this relation is not absolutely wanting. Arthur Schnitzler, whose lite-

rary individuality I have characterized above, has published a little volume of stories, 'Die Frau des Weisen,' and it is this delicate painting of moods which constitutes the charm of his stories as of his plays. They are all products of lyric feeling. The subject is almost always conjugal infidelity, but the actual fact is not emphasized; it is only the resultant emotions that are considered, and Schnitzler is always occupied in trying to answer the question, What is the attitude towards life of these men and women? Schnitzler is a rare combination of poet and psychologist. Curiously enough, this same combination recurs with a very similar tendency in Lou Andreas-Salomé. Her two latest volumes of stories—'Fenitschka, eine Ausschweifung,' and 'Menschenkinder'—may be ranked with Schnitzler's 'Frau des Weisen' among the best products of this year's narrative literature. Lou Andreas-Salomé has perhaps finer powers of psychological analysis, especially in the comprehension of female characters, but now and then she fails to catch the mood. Sometimes we can feel the train of thought on which her construction is based, but she, too, offers a mystical rather than a rationalistic conception of mankind. If it be true that our literature shows a deepening tendency, she must be counted among the pioneers.

Next to these two, Schnitzler and Andreas-Salomé, comes Adalbert Meinhardt. Nor is it so much the literary value which induces me to mention her story 'Still-leben' in this connexion as the mood it expresses. There is a sense of estrangement from the world in this story of the fate of two ladies, and an atmosphere of hallowed meditation. It bears the old-fashioned charm of the calm, secluded life of our ancestors; it has a suggestion of Maarten Maartens or Fogazzaro. This, too, is a part of the mystery of longing.

Wilhelm Raabe and Adolf Wilbrandt might from their latest novels, or, indeed, from all their works of fiction, be called "seekers of men." Both are a little suggestive of Diogenes going about with his lantern to seek a man. But in accordance with their distinct individualities, each has a different ideal man. Raabe is a humourist, and therefore an unusual and precious phenomenon in Germany, and he rejoices when he can discover in some vagrant woman or some old weather-beaten soldier a tender, childlike heart, as is the case in his latest novel, 'Hastenbeck,' a story of the Seven Years' War. Only those who share his joy in pure hearts can understand him. The interest of the subject is but slight in 'Hastenbeck'; in fact, as a whole it bears sad traces of old age and decreasing power. Wilbrandt's ideal man recalls the ideal humanity of the eighteenth century. His new novel, 'Vater Robinson,' is didactic. Father Robinson, a curious old man, resembles a gardener who walks round in the garden of humanity, straightening and supporting the trees of crooked growth so that they may attain their full development and grow towards the sun, the ideal of a rich and beautiful humanity. In thought Wilbrandt's new novel is certainly valuable, but the construction lacks stability, and the *dénouement* is incomplete and unsatisfactory.



The significance for Germany of the educational ideal both in the past and present is well known; all German eighteenth-century culture is expressed in this one idea. Yet it was only education by men for men that was handed down to us. Now that the desire for a similar education has been awakened in women, and has encountered, especially in Germany, the most obstinate opposition, it is not surprising that this desire should be loudly and passionately proclaimed year by year in a series of women's novels.

Helene Böhlau's new novel, 'Halbtier,' is a most revolutionary book. In the eyes of German men the German woman is said by the author to be "half a brute." The heroine of the novel rebels against all inequality. There is a mixture of strength and obstinacy in her, as there is in Helene Böhlau's art. But when this heroine seizes a revolver and proceeds to shoot down like a dog, without feeling any remorse for her action, the brother-in-law who has insulted her honour, and with it, she thinks, that of all women, we can but regard it as the revolutionary proceeding of a person who has not reached years of discretion; it suggests the child who beats the table against which it has knocked itself. There is something exceedingly immature about Helene Böhlau's art, though she has passed beyond the years of development, and this immaturity makes itself disagreeably felt in her style, which inclines to harshness and artificiality. All the same, she is one of the strongest and most original intellects in the domain of our fiction, and within this grotesque setting may be found a wealth of delicate detail. But she is one of the revolutionaries who spoil a good cause by exaggeration. Ilse Frapan's little volume, 'Wir Frauen haben kein Vaterland,' which tells simply and pathetically the sad story of a woman student at Zurich, will be of more service to the cause than Helene Böhlau's revolutionary speechifying. The effect is most curious if we compare Malvida von Meysenbug's 'Lebensabend einer Idealistin' with Helene Böhlau's novel. Malvida von Meysenbug, the friend of Richard Wagner, Nietzsche, and Mazzini, was also an advanced woman. This noble lady, who freed herself from the narrow conditions of her home, and lived in London among the political exiles, helping on their schemes, also turned her thoughts to female education, and never shrank from entering the lists for her ideas. But this 'Lebensabend,' the sequel to the 'Memoiren einer Idealistin,' is a book of peace. She presents charming pictures of her intercourse with Wagner and Nietzsche, Mazzini and Liszt; but what is specially charming about this book, in spite of its somewhat highflown manner, is the evidence that she has attained contentment and inward freedom in herself. This quiet pioneer has a victorious disposition.

The society novel proper plays a comparatively unimportant part in Germany. Friedrich Spielhagen may still reckon as its most distinguished representative. This year, too, he has produced a new novel, 'Herrin'; but it is not equal to his great novels of former days. In the 'Agent' Paul Lindau gives a thrilling account of a criminal case. The manner in which the murderer is driven

to accuse himself is not without psychological interest, although the book has no literary importance. I. R. zur Megede has been applauded, not without reason, as a new talent in the domain of the society novel. His two-volume novel 'Von zarter Hand' proves him to possess the gift of easy narrative; Megede is well acquainted with the society which he describes, and his types are rather lifelike. And he interests and amuses, and that is always something. This, too, is what makes Rudolf Stratz's 'Mont Blanc' a readable novel.

Any attempt to pronounce judgment on the course of literature, based on the fortuitous combination of a year's fresh productions, is fraught with risk and difficulty. A glance into any history of literature will convince us that in the literature of every country there have been whole decades which could not produce a single work of real importance. Still, I hardly think this could be said of Germany in the year of Bismarck's death. As regards the novel, it is true that only writers of an older generation are active just now, and they go on in their own quiet fashion in the same groove as they have followed this last twenty years or more. In poetry a tendency towards eccentricity is the order of the day, and there are but few writers of indisputable ability. However, in the drama there are still signs of fresh life; and if my judgment is correct, and a desire for greater depth and meaning is really manifesting itself in our literature—if only next year does not falsify this year's hopes—then the striving of to-day is also the striving after the one thing that is needful beyond all others.

ERNST HEILBORN.

#### HOLLAND.

M. ZOLA once observed that every man of letters should, in order to strengthen his mind, begin the day by swallowing his "toad," thereby meaning some odious attack which he was sure to find in the morning paper. In Holland the fierce animosity which seems to be constantly raging in Parisian literary circles is comparatively unknown. Since 1885, of course, many an old and honourable reputation has been much tempest-tossed; but there was no such deliberate, venomous invective as Mr. W. Paap, the author of an anti-Semitic novel of some merit, has provided in 'Vincent Haman.' It is, in the shape of a novel, a violent attack on the leaders of modern literature—the "generation of 1890" as well as that of 1880. The latter is said to be old and worn out, occupying itself only with translations instead of producing original work, and the former is no better. Mr. Paap has much simplified his self-appointed task as satirist by telling tales about the private lives of those who removed him from the editorial staff of the *Nieuwe Gids* some twenty years ago, and he takes almost a fiendish delight in publishing parts of Van Deyssel's and Prins's books, which thus in truncated form look odd, and at first sight like parodies.

The fate of a new thing has been defined by some German humourist in these lines:

Erst angestaunt, dann ausposaunt;  
Gemein gemacht, und dann veracht't.

Modern Dutch literature has now passed the first stage, and seems to be in all the three others at once. It is despised by the youngest of the youngest, for Mr. Paap's mental condition is almost that of a schoolboy; it is vulgarized by a great many writers in books, papers, and periodicals. One of them, Mr. Is. Querido, clever as his defence of sentiment in opposition to intellect in 'Meditatiën over Literatuur en Leven' may be, writes a language which knows no law and is overburdened with inaccurate metaphors, especially in his study on F. van der Goes. *De Arbeid*, a young monthly which includes poetry of some merit, contains occasionally quasi-genial outbursts of "lyric criticism" which are but ill-disguised imitations of Van Deyssel's prose. Many young admirers of Emants and Couperus try to write a kind of 'Nagelaten Bekenenis' or 'Noodlot.' To this class belongs 'Stille Wegen,' by E. S., the painful self-analysis of a woman who undergoes life rather than lives it, who is incapable of action, who knows that she is dreaming away her days without being able to change her course. Of the same origin are 'Fataliteit,' by Parvus, a story which has to rest upon a few tolerably good passages; and 'Eenvoudige Zielen,' by J. Eigenhuis. It has now become a commonplace that even a subject as monotonous as the daily lives of village people may be treated artistically; but many forget that, where this treatment fails, "fiction" of the old pattern would be preferable to an insipid imitation of modern work, and those who have fallen into this mistake cannot even be noticed. One wishes that a remark which Mr. Pol de Mont makes in his 'Inleiding tot de Poëzie' might be taken to heart. His object in writing these aesthetics of poetry, he says, is "to inspire his disciples with such a reverence for poetry (or any other art) as to restrain them from taking to it if they do not feel irresistibly attracted thereto, heart and soul."

There is some truth in Mr. Paap's reproach as to translating. This year we got M. Rosstand's 'Cyrano,' Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' Byron's 'Manfred,' &c. Often when an author has obtained his first success his next book is a translation. It may be, moreover, as Mr. Paap insinuates, that the fourth volume of Van Deyssel's 'Verzamelde Opstellen' is not so good as its predecessors; it is nevertheless true that he has enriched Dutch literature with passages of imperishable beauty and worked a revolution which will have a lasting effect. Good work is still forthcoming, though it is scarcer this year than last. Dr. Frederik van Eeden's 'Enkele Verzen' are sparkling with life. Helene Lapidoth-Swarth has again exhibited a remarkable change in her poetry. Thus far she had rendered her sensations as they rose within her; they moved, they ebbed and flowed, they lived before our vision. But in 'Stille Dalen' it seems—as a critic has aptly observed—as if her life had flowed into a quiet valley, where it mirrors itself. She is contemplating the past, and though she does not quite display the warmth of feeling of her former work, the exquisite diction and perfect music of her phrase are unaltered. A new volume of poems by Albert Verwey, 'De Nieuwe Tuin,' is sound, solid, truly

Dutch work, marked by an earnestness akin to gloom, and perhaps a tendency to heaviness. There is, however, much latent beauty in his writing.

A couple of new poets have made their appearance. Mr. G. C. van 't Hoog's verses in 'Geluk' may occasionally seem somewhat laboured, but they are on the whole rich in colour, and his nocturnal poems are distinguished by a serene thoughtfulness and grace. In 'Impressies,' by Miss Jeanne Reyneke van Stuwe, one does not find the extreme care for form displayed by the first-named poet, but human feeling has been expressed with much simplicity.

From poetry to prose Dr. van den Bergh van Eysinga has built a golden bridge with his 'Boek van Toevertrouwen,' an elaborate specimen of lyric prose, the work of a clergyman under strong Biblical influence. It breathes soothing confidence and hope, real faith and firm conviction. It must, perhaps, be considered as a contribution to the Church of the Future, to which also Mr. Henri Borel is contributing in quite a different way with his studies on Chinese philosophy. A second part of his 'Lao Tsz,' a new and independent translation of the 'Tao Teh King,' has now appeared. 'Studien' by the same author are rather sketchy and hardly up to date. Mr. M. Poelhekke has succeeded better in his characters of 'Modernen,' i.e., Kloos, Verlaine, Strindberg, Jørgensen, and Van Eeden. The greatest literary zeal has been displayed this year by Mr. Herman Heyermans, jun. His 'Ghetto,' a fine bit of Jewish life, has been exquisitely rendered by the Nederlandsche Tooneelvereniging at Amsterdam. It is, however, more like literature than drama, and the effect is greatly marred because the author has deemed it to be his duty as a social worker to embody in one of the characters certain crude philosophic and religious theories which might with advantage have been left out. From a sociological point of view, his 'Kamertjeszonden,' a coarse realistic story, is better, as it conveys to the reader a vivid impression of the miserable life to which intellectual pauperism is condemned nowadays.

As to the advocates of modern literature, they are now to be found in strange quarters. As early as 1897 I noticed a highly eulogistic essay on Van Deyssel in *De Gids*. Van Eeden, Van der Goes, and others have since written in that periodical. One of its editors, Dr. W. G. C. Byvanck, has lately much praised Gorter's 'Mei' in a lecture, and Mr. J. N. van Hall has published a third edition of 'Dichters van dezen Tijd,' a collection of what he thinks are the best poems of the last twelve years. The editor of the *Gids* shows that he has magnanimously forgotten not only the attacks on him and his magazine, but also his own severe criticisms and parodies on Kloos's work. In short, the conductors of this old periodical are displaying an almost youthful vigour. The most erudite and entertaining book, perhaps, of the year comes from their midst, i.e., Prof. van Hamel's 'Letterkundig Leven van Frankrijk,' though in its style it belongs to a period now definitely done with. Dr. Byvanck is publishing a study on the late Prof. Fruin, carefully based on documents and full of interest.

The public at large is showing much interest in the older romantic school. All the works of Mrs. Bosboom Toussaint and of H. J. Schimmel are being republished. Mr. Schimmel, the aged author of 'Sinjeur Semeyns,' now in its sixth edition, has attempted to modernize his work in a new story, 'Het Zondekind.' The "old guard" has lost again two of its members—Mr. A. Ising, the writer of historical sketches; and Mr. Gerard Keller, one of the founders of *De Nederlandsche Spectator*, once a leading weekly. His last story, 'Haar Buurman,' lacked the briskness of his former successful books.

Prof. P. L. Muller's great popular history 'Onze Gouden Eeuw,' describing the rise, growth, and the beginning of decay of Holland at her best, is now completed. The last volume, which deals with the government, life, religion, and morals of our ancestors, is perhaps the most interesting of the three. As to the eighty years' war, Mr. Muller holds that it was rather religious in origin than a war of liberation. The most famous of Dutchmen—Rembrandt—has, on account of the Amsterdam exhibition, been discussed by Mr. C. L. van Balen in a handy little monograph, chiefly founded on Michel and Vosnaer.

Dr. H. A. Pareau has described a trip to 'Onze West' very much in the style of the explorers of the seventeenth century. His book is pleasant reading, and instructive in a way, and would be harmless but for the author's excessive optimism, which is unsupported by evidence. Dr. Jan ten Brink furnishes particulars about French authors and their works in 'Fransche Studien.' Mrs. Goekoop's 'Hilda van Suylenburg,' now in a fifth edition, has become the nucleus of books and pamphlets on the feminine movement. The most instructive is 'Het Feminisme,' by Mr. S. R. Steinmetz, a defence of home life; the most passionate, 'De Liefde in de Vrouwenquaestie,' by Anna de Savornin Lohman, in which the never-changing sexual impulse in human nature is insisted upon. She has, however, entirely overlooked the influence of social progress, and a pamphlet by Cornélie Huygens, 'De Liefde in het Vrouwenleven,' in which this influence has been traced, is therefore an indispensable addition to her remarks.

Several books of reference were published on the occasion of the Queen's coronation. The best is 'Een Halve Eeuw,' to which the principal authorities on different subjects have contributed. On the stage the chief incidents have been the performances of an unabridged version of Breero's 'Spaansche Brabander' by the Ned. Tooneelvereniging, and of the German melodrama 'Fuhrmann Henschel' in a translation by the Ned. Tooneel Company: one a great artistic, the other a great financial, success.

In the clerical world it seems as if M. Zola's saying, referred to at the beginning of this article, might bring some consolation to the Leyden professor Bolland. In two essays, 'Rome en de Geschiedenis' and 'Petrus en Rome,' he demonstrated that the Pope has no historical or other right to proclaim himself a monarchical ruler of the Church, and that his infallibility is a fraud. Although these semi-political observations were cast in a strictly

scientific form, the well-known clerical leader Dr. Schaepman has attacked the author in an extremely bitter invective called 'Bolland en Petrus,' in which sneers and abuse take the place of argument. Prof. Bolland replied in 'Oude Gegevens' and in an open letter, and it does not seem as if this will end the controversy.

H. S. M. VAN WICKEVOORT CROMMELIN.

## HUNGARY.

*Tempora mutantur!* Hitherto I have, in my annual surveys of Hungarian literature, never had to dwell at any length upon books on art, for the simple reason that our writers have been persistently neglectful of this branch of literature. Within the last twelvemonth their views seem to have changed, for the output of art books has perhaps been far greater than ever before, and is all the more striking as it includes the two most important publications of the whole season. First stands 'Italia,' an attractive—externally and internally attractive—volume of studies in Italian art by Albert Berzeviczy, formerly Vice-President of our Chamber of Deputies and Secretary of State to our Ministry of Education. This work is a new proof of the cleverness, taste, and wide scholarship of its author. Its nineteen chapters are chiefly devoted to descriptions of the places where the renaissance of Italy won its greatest triumphs. Fortunately, Berzeviczy does not aim at being a sort of Murray or Baedeker; he does not bind himself to a definite route, but wanders from place to place, consulting solely his own ease and convenience. Each of his chapters shows his mastery over style and description as well as over the abundant materials in history and art supplied by his predecessors. His views are independent, his judgments clear and subtle, his occasional descriptions of landscape and other scenery highly poetical. His book is equally valuable in form and contents, and it is a real pleasure to recognize him as one whom a busy political life has not robbed of his enthusiasm for art. Another deputy, János Hock, who is also an active clergyman and a great enthusiast, is successfully endeavouring to bring art practically within reach of the masses. Lately he was placed at the head of the Nemzeti Szalon, the headquarters of æsthetic Young Hungary, and now he is arranging for art exhibitions in all the larger towns of Hungary. He propounds his practical ideas in a most interesting volume entitled 'Art Reform,' in which he makes all sorts of excellent proposals for the art education of the nation. The second of the two important books indicated above consists of two folio volumes on 'Hungarian Art Treasures,' luxuriously got-up and well edited by E. de Radisics, the present director of our national museum of industrial art. The volumes now out deal with Hungarian collections in Budapest and Vienna; three more will notice the treasures to be found in various other parts of the country. Jókai has supplied a highly readable preface to this publication. Tamás Szana, whose lives of Izsó and Markó I have noticed in former years, has added a third volume to his splendid and carefully written series of artists' biographies—'János Jankó's Life and Work,' an attrac-



tive narrative of the career of our most popular caricaturist.

Next in importance this year is the department of history. The sixth volume of Lajos Kossuth's works, posthumously edited by his son Francis, contains his "historical studies," and an appendix reproducing part of his political correspondence with King Vittorio Emanuele, Prince Jerome Napoleon, and others. Another comprehensive publication has reached its fourth volume, Gyula Schvarcz's 'History of Democracy,' a work of the highest scientific value, which has already won fame for the learned professor. The new volume, which is occupied with the Roman Republic up to 275 B.C., is distinguished by the same qualities as the former ones. Schvarcz is an original thinker, and places himself in direct opposition to Mommsen and most other modern historians of Rome, and his conclusions, therefore, differ widely from generally accepted views. The late Sándor Szilágyi's big 'History of the Magyar Nation,' the earlier parts of which I have noted in these columns, has at last come to a conclusion with its tenth volume, dealing with the last fifty years ('Modern Hungary'), and written by Sándor Márki and Gusztáv Beksics. This monumental work is about to be rivalled by one in the field of universal history—the 'Great Illustrated History of the World,' to be edited in twelve sumptuous volumes by our leading historian, Henrik Marczali, with the help of many eminent writers. The first two volumes, of about 700 pages each, have already appeared; the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Turning to fiction, I cannot say that it has been particularly strong; as regards quality it is decidedly below last year's standard, still there are a few excellent books to be noticed. As usual, Herczeg and Bródy head the list with their new novels. Ferencz Herczeg's 'Story of a Girl' is marked by his usual characteristics—good taste, easy language, a pleasant gift of sarcasm, and happy, though not very thorough, characterization. He presents a vigorous and truthful picture of society in our small towns, whereas Sándor Bródy introduces metropolitan life in the shape of the career of a poor law student who ultimately becomes an M.P. and a highly influential politician. 'The Silver Goat' is not only Bródy's best and most mature book, but one of the very best novels of the last four or five years—a striking description of our times, containing richly coloured scenes from the life of all classes at Budapest. Here the writer for the first time forsakes his old naturalistic bias, or at least those external signs of naturalism which have already grown conventional, and proves himself an excellent realist, for he places before the reader a whole gallery of real men and genuine women. This volume is an *édition de luxe*, and illustrated by a number of our foremost artists.

One of our best writers in the light vein of the school of Herczeg, István Szomaházy, has for the first time tried his hand at a more ambitious task, novel-writing. His 'Uneven Wednesdays' is, strange to say, not a humorous novel, but a serious attempt, though humour is by no means wanting. He is at his best when describing the con-

trast between the happiness of family life and the empty conventionalities of society. This *début* may be said to be a felicitous one; Szomaházy ought to write more of the sort.

The most notable production of the year in the way of shorter fiction is 'Autumn Hunting,' a volume of stories by Árpád Bereczik, our leading writer of comedies. His fiction is almost as good as his plays, and quite as gay. He is always laughing and jesting. He takes his subjects from commonplace life; this offers quite enough matter for banter. He is a serene, smiling, quiet observer, who takes Horace's advice, *ridendo dicere verum*, and he invariably writes in the most amiable style. He does not cater for overwrought nerves or latter-day tastes; despite his great cleverness, he simply aims at genuine and wholesome amusement—an aim in which he is highly successful.

Not only in short-story writing, but also as a playwright, Bereczik happens to have been more successful this year than any one else. His 'Himfy's Songs' is a truly charming literary comedy of the best type, and it has rightly met with equal recognition in the book market and on the stage. Its hero is Sándor Kisfaludy, Hungary's greatest poet next to Petöfi, and author of a celebrated volume entitled 'Himfy's Songs,' which was a great factor in the literary revival of this country some eighty years ago. Bereczik's intimate knowledge of stage effects, of the national character, and of the weak points of our society has won him many stage successes during the last fifteen years or so; but these qualities have never served him so well as in his newest and best comedy. Our leading writer, old Jókai, has produced two new dramas, both of an historical description. Although highly romantic, patriotic, and poetical, 'Black Blood' and 'Levente' have not been successful on the stage, probably because Jókai's *genre*, despite his enormous personal popularity, is deemed to be a trifle out of date. Ferencz Herczeg, too, has come forward with two plays: a drama entitled 'The First Storm' and a comedy dramatized from his charming novel 'The Daughters of Gyurkovics.' The comedy was well received, while the drama, notwithstanding its many good qualities, was found wanting in depth and backbone. Speaking of dramatic literature, I must not omit to mention Joseph Bayer's monumental 'History of Hungarian Dramatic Literature up to 1867,' which won a prize from the Academy of Sciences and will prove indispensable to any future student of our literary history. Another valuable book is 'Dramatic Impressions,' by Dénes Szűry, dealing with Eleonora Duse, Sardou, Dumas *fils*, &c., but chiefly with Shakspeare, who is still very popular with us.

The three most noteworthy volumes of verse are by Ambrozovics, Radó, and Makai. The key-note of Dezső Ambrozovics's 'Verses' is mildly melancholy and *welt-schmerzlich*. He thinks the world depraved, and gives his grief genuine lyrical expression. Some of his poetry is fine and moving. He uses only two colours, grey and black, but never becomes monotonous, because he displays such wonderful versatility. Antal Radó, our modern Mezzofanti as re-

gards linguistic acquirements, a masterly translator from many languages, has presented us with 'Songs and Stories,' a volume of excellent original poetry, never stormy or passionate, but full of gentle moods, contentedness, and homely, cordial warmth, with now and then a tinge of light, pleasant irony or sarcasm. Emil Makai, whom I have had occasion to praise in former years, modestly entitles his new book 'Recent Poems'; it shows his characteristic qualities, deep sentiment and elegant versification. Sometimes he is daringly "modern," but as a rule his verses are of a tender and elegiac nature; and he is never anything but a true poet.

Of miscellaneous publications of importance or interest I need only mention four. Prof. Gaál, whose 'Philosophy of Thomas Carlyle' I noticed last year, has issued a two-volume 'System of Political Economy,' which is full of admirable ideas and clever things, and is decidedly the best book of its sort since the publication of Prof. Földes's similar work in 1893. One of our most promising young social economists, Gyula Mandello, has printed the first volume of a big 'Encyclopædia of Economics,' which he edits in conjunction with many experts, and which bids fair to become a standard work of great usefulness. Prof. Vámbéry's able son Rustem has published a most meritorious book on the 'Foreign Laws relating to Conditional Sentences,' with a view to the introduction of legal reform of the sort into Hungary. I may conclude by saying that Albert Popipi has written a study of 'Byron and Shelley,' which is readable enough, but far from being adequate, as it is by no means up to date. It shows, at any rate, the interest Hungarians take in English literature outside Shakspeare.

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

#### ITALY.

THE literary harvest of the year, which in the case of this review closes in June, has not in Italy been either prosperous or abundant. Hailstorms and drought have ruined the crops and impeded the productiveness of the soil, restricting the yield almost entirely to learned works or occasional writings. The riots of May, 1898, and the numerous literary, historical, and artistic centenaries, have together contributed to this result. We have commemorated Amerigo Vespucci and Paolo Toscanelli, Savonarola, Leopardi, Moretto of Brescia, Bernini; and these celebrations have involved a shower of speeches, biographical writings, critical studies, and occasional monographs, which now take the place of those poems under which, in former times, the printing-presses used to groan, substituting for the Arcadia of poetry another boredom, the Arcadia of erudition. Italy is still pre-eminently the Arcadian country; but in these days no sonnets or epithalamia are published on the occasion of a wedding by the friends of the happy pair—the congratulatory offerings take the form of ancient prose or poetry, drawn from unpublished MSS. The greatest praise of a book that can be put into print is to call it "erudite," and the author "very learned"—this being about equivalent to saying that the book is tiresome and the author has not a vestige of genius. Womens when no longer able to conceal the ravage,



of time, like to make themselves out even older than they are, and similarly the mania for erudition is a symptom of decrepitude.

Amid the great mass of "occasional" writings, some few emerge as being worthy of permanent record. The Italo-American centenary dedicated to Toscanelli and Vespucci has produced one good volume, the 'Life of Amerigo Vespucci,' written originally by A. M. Bandini, the famous Florentine scholar and librarian—now republished in an *édition de luxe*, with notes and additions by Prof. Gustavo Uzielli, under the superintendence of the committee for the Florence celebrations. The Savonarola centenary, besides the annual flowering of roses in the Piazza della Signoria (on the day of the historic bonfire), has produced the excellent selection from the works of Savonarola published by Prof. Villari and E. Casanova (Florence, Sansoni), to which volume the same publishers have added the 'Cronaca' of Filipepi, the brother of Alessandro Botticelli, a new and important document of the Reformer's times. The Leopardi centenary has yielded a still better harvest. Apart from the speeches—the most notable of which were those of Giovanni Mestica and Alessandro d'Ancona—I should mention some publications of prime importance for the study of the poet of Recanati: in the first place, Giosuè Carducci's volume 'Form and Spirit in the Poems of Giacomo Leopardi' (Bologna, Zanichelli), and in the next, Federico di Roberto's psychological study entitled 'Leopardi' (Milan, Treves), which is in reality the "history of a soul"—the soul of the unhappy poet. We have also the long-expected 'Pensieri Inediti di G. Leopardi' (Florence, Le Monnier), edited by a Government commission from MSS. formerly in the possession of Antonio Ranieri, claimed by the Government on grounds of public utility. Three volumes of these 'Pensieri' have already seen the light, and seven more are to follow. This work, hitherto unknown, reveals the whole development of the poet's mind; it forms, as it were, a forest of thoughts and reflections which are the raw material of the work afterwards matured and polished by Leopardi in such artistic perfection. The book is one of inestimable value, and no one who wishes to study Leopardi's thought can afford to neglect it. I may also here call attention to a volume of great interest to the cultivated and curious tourist who pays a visit to Recanati in search of memories of the poet. Works of this sort are rare among us, who suffer from a want of good guide-books, and have to thank foreigners for supplying us with any as excellent as that of Miss Symonds and Miss Duff Gordon to 'Perugia.' Signor Vincenzo Spezioli offers us a 'Guide to Recanati,' full of curious information and of illustrations. The spots dear to the poet, which inspired his immortal verse, where he lived his lonely life, are reproduced and illustrated. It is a suggestive book both to heart and intellect, and foreigners who love the poet of melancholy will be glad to know who Silvia and Nerina were, and where they lived, and where was the "hill of Infinity," and to learn that Carlo Didimi, of Treia, was the ball-player

whose marvellous strokes inspired Leopardi to write the famous ode.

But a truce to centenaries, only remarking in conclusion that that of Moretto da Brescia has given occasion to Pompeo Molmenti to write a good monograph on the genial artist.

The year has not been productive—there have been too many other preoccupations to distract the public mind. The Turin Exhibition, the centenaries already referred to, the fifty years' jubilee of the *Statuto*, the events of May, 1898—all these things have injured our literary output. To these should be added the lectures and public readings which flourish just now at the expense of the book. A most intimate friend of mine affirms that the lecture is the bicycle of literature: it has created a sportive literature, a literature of diversion, easily digested, and often limited in aim. Time was when Italy was the country of academies; a century ago they were counted by hundreds. Now it threatens to become the classic land of lectures. I should not care to affirm on oath that this is an unmixed good; neither could I affirm without qualification that it is an evil. It points to the desire, the need, for a little culture; and the fact that ladies crowd to lectures proves that the Italian woman wishes to emerge from the limbo of ignorance in which she has been kept, and assert her right to knowledge.

Moreover, lectures, if capable of educating the audience with a suitable training, may render great services to culture, and promote the production of literature; nay, the very incubation of the book. At Florence, for the last ten years, there has been going on a series of lectures on 'La Vita Italiana' at various periods, beginning with the least known of mediæval times. The most illustrious Italian men of letters, and some foreigners, including Symonds and "Vernon Lee," have contributed to this work, which, carrying out a design prepared beforehand by the promoting committee, constitutes a complete course on the history of Italian culture, and which, published in volume form, is now in the hands of all—of pupils in secondary schools as well as of private students. Contributors to this series have been Bonghi, Carducci, Bartoli, Graf, Giacosa, Nencioni, Fogazzaro, Villari, Masi, Bonfadini, Panzacchi, Martini, Matilde Serao, Rovetta, Colombo, Del Lungo; any, in short, who have achieved fame in Italy—even Francesco Crispi, who has treated of the Sicilian revolution in 1848.

But even critical studies do not despise—nay, rather seek—the help to be derived from dissemination by means of lectures. At Milan the local committee of the Società Dantesca Italiana has, for the past two years, promoted lectures on subjects connected with Dante, which have since been collected in a handsome volume, 'Con Dante e per Dante' (Milan, Hoepli). The Società Italiana per gli Studi Classici, which has its seat at Florence and is presided over by a distinguished philologist, Girolamo Vitelli, has given some very successful lectures on Bacchylides, on Greek music, and on the love poems of Horace. Lastly, the Florentine committee of the Italian Dante Society has renewed, in the historic hall of Or San Michele—now dedi-

cated to Dante—the reading and explanation of the 'Divina Commedia,' which began in the poet's own city by Boccaccio in 1373, and ceased, fifteen years ago, with the death of Father G. B. Giuliani. Every Thursday from November to June, a canto of the poem is read and explained—every time by a fresh commentator. The first canto, after the explanation, was recited by Tommaso Salvini. The best-known Dante scholars, such as Pio Rajna, Guido Mazzoni, Corrado Ricci, have recently inaugurated this new Dante professorship. In next November and the following months the readings will be given by Carducci, Del Lungo, Panzacchi, Casini, and, in short, the most illustrious men, who count it an honour to render this homage to the poet and the Baptist's city. A lady English by birth, but Italian by affection, the Duchess Enrichetta, widow of Michelangiolo Caetani, the illustrious Roman artist and patriot, a descendant of Boniface VIII., has presented 1,000*l.* to the fund which is being instituted in order to perpetuate the Dante readings, and which the committee have entitled the Michelangiolo Caetani Fund, in remembrance of his services as a student and a citizen. The old centre of Florence, with Or San Michele and the Palace of the Arte della Lana, for whose fate so many English hearts had trembled—perhaps prematurely—now lives anew, since the laudable exertions of the Florentine committee have breathed a soul—the soul of the immortal poet—into those ancient walls. This is the true way of preserving old Florence, refusing to allow our ancient buildings to be deserted and neglected, and exposed to the risk of being destroyed as useless—as lifeless and soulless skeletons.

In the department of criticism also production has not been abundant. I will cite but one fact: the Accademia dei Lincei was unable to confer on any competitor the great quinquennial prize for history. That for philology was divided between Pio Rajna for his masterly edition of Dante's 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' and a glottologist. There were no works of the first importance, or, at any rate, even the lynx-eyed academicians could not discover them. In history, some encouragement at least was deserved by the 'Consulte della Repubblica Fiorentina,' published by Alessandro Gherardi after ten years' labour: a work of indisputable historic interest, carried on with scientific method and exemplary diligence. The critical edition of Petrarch's 'Rime,' with notes and comments by Giosuè Carducci and his pupil Severino Ferrari, was not presented for competition. This is a work gathering up the results of forty years' study of Petrarch, completed by the poet with admirable perseverance—a work indeed above the average, both in its method and in its abundant stores of learning, sifted and discussed with critical and artistic taste. No one will henceforth care to read Petrarch except under the guidance of Carducci. Two excellent books by Isidoro del Lungo deserve special remark. One, 'Dal Secolo e dal Poema di Dante' (Bologna, Zanichelli), is a collection of already published portraits and studies, revised and presented in book form, treating of the poem and the age of Dante. The other, 'Da Bonifazio VIII. ad Arrigo VII.' (Milan,

Hoeppli, recounts in a dramatic form Florentine history of this period. Prof. del Lungo, as is well known, is one of the most profound students of the epoch of Dante.

A good edition of Machiavelli's 'Principe' has been issued under the care of Prof. G. Lisio. The editions of the 'Prince' hitherto current represent embellishments sprung from the brain of the editors, and far enough from the genuine text. This information will be welcomed in England, where Machiavelli is frequently and thoroughly studied, as is shown by the excellent work of Burd. A very nice selection from Leonardo's prose works, by Edmondo Solmi, has appeared in Barbera's "Diamond Series."

I do not speak of minor studies and monographs. Each year brings a good crop of special work done by young prize-men, but it would be impossible to enumerate the best—the list would be too long. These studies sometimes find a home in two good critical collections—the 'Biblioteca Critica della Letteratura Italiana,' under the direction of Francesco Torraca, and the 'Biblioteca Storico-critica della Letteratura Dantesca,' under that of G. L. Passerini and P. Papa, not to mention special periodicals, such as the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, edited by F. Novati and R. Renier; Passerini's *Giornale Dantesco*; the excellent *Bullettino della Società Dantesca Italiana*, edited by Barbi; and numerous 'Archivi Storici' and 'Riviste Storiche,' the first place among which is still taken by the old *Archivio Storico Italiano*, founded by G. P. Vieusseux, and now under the direction of Cesare Paoli.

All this critical study—artistic criticism among the rest—sometimes results in splendid works, such as G. Magherini-Graziani's 'L'Arte a Città di Castello,' in which the magnificent illustrations confer an additional value on the contents of the book. Among *éditions de luxe* where historical documents are illustrated and explained by reproductions of contemporary artistic monuments, I may be permitted to mention the 'Codice Diplomatico Dantesco,' a collection of documents relating to the life and family of Dante, published by Count G. L. Passerini and myself—the fourth instalment of which has already been issued. I must also mention Hoeppli's magnificent edition of the 'Promessi Sposi,' illustrated by Previati, which is nearly finished; and a new work by Adolfo Venturi, 'La Madonna,' richly illustrated. This last, published by Hoeppli, is an artistic study of the development of the Virgin's iconography which will be consulted with interest even by those who already know Mrs. Jameson's able work on the same lines.

Classical studies are represented among us by able and laborious writers. A new periodical, *Atene e Roma*, published by the Società per gli Studi Classici, bears witness to the ardour with which antiquity is studied. We possess a new and excellent 'Manual of Greek and Latin Literature,' compiled by G. Vitelli and G. Mazzoni (Florence, Barbera), with many essays in translation, and critical notes which are both fresh and trustworthy. Good translations have been executed this year by Augusto Franchetti ('The Knights' of

Aristophanes) and N. Festa (a prose version of the 'Hymns' of Bacchylides); and Giussani's studies on Epicurus are noteworthy. Very curious is a bi-monthly published at Rome (*bis in mense prodit*) under the title of *Vox Urbis*, written entirely in Latin. The editor prefers prose writings (*soluta oratione*); those in verse (*numerus fusa*) are condemned to the waste-paper basket, which here appears as *cistellula*. This shows that the love of Latin is not dead among us, and this is confirmed by another circumstance, still more grotesque: the *Rivista d'Italia* (a monthly periodical issued at Rome for the last two years under the direction of Gnoli, and somewhat more literary in character than the *Nuova Antologia*) publishes an elegant Latin ode by the octogenarian Senator G. B. Giorgini (son-in-law to Alessandro Manzoni) under the title 'In Bicycletam.' Bicycles everywhere, even on Parnassus!

In lighter literature there are few books to notice. The second volume of General della Rocca's 'Autobiografia d'un Veterano' has been still more successful than the first. It is a book of personal recollections, written with great clearness and purity of style, and full of political information of the highest value. English readers know it through the translation made by Mrs. Ross with the skill due to her accurate knowledge of two languages and two literatures. Ernesto Masi has abridged, in a curious little book, the memoirs left behind him by Ferdinando Ranalli, a purist most particular about his language. Masi, with his fine sense of humour, revives for us the figure of the gruff professor at the University of Pisa, who was so rigid even in the use of words that he would never say or write *vagone*, *tunnel*, or *fuile*, preferring the indigenous expressions *carrozza*, *galleria*, and *archibugio*, even at the risk of not being understood. In politics, also, he showed the same puritanism.

De Amicis has presented us with a good volume entitled 'La Carrozza di Tutti' (Milan, Treves), in which he studies the physiology of city life as it can be observed in a tramcar. Ugo Ojetti has collected his letters from America in a book, which he has called 'America Vittoriosa' (Milan, Treves). The firm of Treves, which appears to have the monopoly of readable books, offers us also, by Giulio Fano, 'Il Viaggio d'un Fisiologo intorno al Mondo'; and 'Terra Santa' records the journeys of the indefatigable Count Angelo de Gubernatis. We have received from the same source some good verses from two young poets, Angelo Orvieto and Alfredo Baccelli—one the author of 'Sposa Mystica' and 'The Veil of Maia' (of which the acutest critics, beginning with Panzacchi, have spoken favourably), and the other of 'The Human Rainbow' ('L'Iride Umana'), which marks an advance in his poetical career.

There is a dearth of novels and short stories worth mentioning to foreign readers. Not that there are any signs of a diminished productiveness; on the contrary, now that ladies, and even young girls, have gained confidence in the use of that perilous implement the pen, newspapers and magazines have been obliged to multiply their waste-paper baskets. At Rome, a few days ago, the editor of the most important monthly review in Italy told me that shortly before

he had begun, with great scruples, to read a dozen MSS. of stories submitted to his magazine. The first related the love affairs of a married woman—he rejected it. The second was concerned with the heart troubles of a woman who suffered from a multiplicity of such ailments—he set it aside. The third described the mad passion of a girl for a married man. "In short," he said, "I was obliged to consign the whole twelve to the waste-paper basket. But my surprise was still further heightened when I discovered that the twelve writers were all women."

The fact is singular, I admit. One would think, at first sight, that Italy was still the land of the *cicisbeo*—but of the *cicisbeo* in modern guise; we might suppose that the matrimonial trinity were obligatory here. It is no such thing, however. These authoresses write after a conventional pattern; they describe passions and feelings which they do not know, and in order not to seem middle class or innocent, they represent the world and society—worse than they are. Similarly, on the stage, French influence, fashion, the fear of not being smart, make those who, without much experience, try their fortune there, draw or try to draw a world of papier-mâché countesses and marchionesses, throwing in the "spice" of adultery by the handful. Thus also can be explained the reaction on the part of the public when there is offered to it a wholesome, strong, living book, such as Fogazzaro's 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' as well as the distaste people feel for the modern Italian stage.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has attempted to renovate the latter by means of his 'Città Morta,' as well as the 'Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera,' 'Sogno d'una Notte d'Autunno,' the 'Gioconda,' and the 'Gloria.' I do not speak of the first two of these productions, which are already well known, nor of the third, which has not been acted. 'La Gloria' did not bear the test of the stage; that it may please when read is nothing to the purpose. 'La Gioconda' pleased its audience, and will continue to please those who listen to it without prejudice or unjust antipathy. The subject is well known. It has been said and printed that the work is an immoral one, which it is not. All the spectator's pity is for Silvia, the poor woman deprived of her hands and wounded in heart and body. Silvia is a beautiful figure, full of antique pathos. I will not deny that the piece has faults, imperfections, awkwardnesses, due to inexperience. The scene between the two women is stilted and even slightly vulgar; the situation is old and hackneyed. But what poetry in the whole play! what a wave of passion in certain scenes! what eloquence on the lips of Lucio Settala, the fickle-hearted artist! D'Annunzio has striven to bring back poetry where a grotesque realism has prevailed too long. A noble attempt, but the stage is the realm of the probable, and often—not to say always—poetry departs from truth and appears improbable and absurd. Poetry seems absurd in ordinary life; let us then try to imagine it in a room of only three walls!

Yet the 'Gioconda' might almost be called a successful attempt. In any case it has brought into the theatre a breath of fresh and fragrant poetry, which might



have come from the blossoming gardens of the Renaissance.

GUIDO BIAGI.

#### NORWAY.

THE great event of the last twelvemonth in our literature has undoubtedly been Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's powerful drama 'Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg.' Admirably adapted for scenic representation though it be, it has as yet not been produced on any stage in Norway, though it has been played several times in Germany. The obvious reason of this is, of course, that, through the inevitable publicity attending all social events in our small community, too abnormal a sensation was called forth by the fact that the principal character of the play is a but thinly veiled impersonation of a well-known politician, who some years ago committed suicide during a political crisis intensified, and all but brought to a point, by the author of this drama. Bjørnson has had to face no little blame from his political opponents for thus reopening old sores, although it cannot be denied that he has done his hero full justice, and delineated his character with as much penetration as lenient sympathy. No one could avoid being deeply moved while following the chain of tragic circumstances in the career of a man who aims at furthering the welfare of the community, while his very nature unfits him for resisting the temptation of making useless concessions to the leader of his party, whose line of action has made his downfall inevitable.

Paul Lange, the hero of the play, is of complex character, but an idealist of the purest and highest type, whose superlative qualifications, however, are marred by a want of robustness, absolutely required to make use efficiently of his undoubted genius. When strength and virile action are needed he wavers and loses his balance, and ends by entangling himself in such a manner that his actions appear to be treachery towards everything and everybody except his own ideal standard, and this very ideal finally compels him to take his own life. To this highly finished study of character the author has brought all his knowledge of human nature and eager sympathy. Only one thing is weak—the spectator seldom sees any proof or evidence of the hero's splendid genius; he has to take it on trust, as it were, as a given quantity from the actual situation then and there. We catch one glimpse of it, perhaps—of this absolute superiority—during the catastrophe in Act II. Of course any one who, in spite of disturbing characteristics, aims at success in politics has a right to rely much on his personality. Therefore, dramatically, much may be done with the part in the hands of a skilful actor; and Bjørnson has certainly not been niggard with good opportunities arranged for any such display, as may be readily supposed.

Humanly speaking, I find the love episode between the two principal personages the best part of the play. In sharp contrast to the cautious conscientiousness of the man, Bjørnson has drawn a fearlessly grand woman in Tora Parsberg, highly cultured, and living and acting up to her own standard. One might almost say that the gist of the play lies in the two fatal meet-

ings between these two exceptional beings. Tora Parsberg may be considered the finest womanly character in modern literature. Though the act between the two scenes alluded to just now is eminently well put together, still it is by these two scenes that the play is raised to the front rank of dramatic productions of modern times. Human nature in its most opposite phases has never met with better treatment at any author's hands, and, notwithstanding its sombre ending, and a background distressing to us Norsemen, we must praise it. A work like this will surely prove to many, as yet misunderstood by their contemporaries, a haven of refuge, on whose entrance portal shines the legend: "Enter here, all ye who suffer for humanity's sake out there in the callous, mean world."

By the side of this grand play the remainder of this year's dramatic productions appear feeble. However, 'Lombardo og Agrippina,' a lyrical drama by Mons Lie, is not without a charm of its own, and the same may be said of Mrs. Anna Munch's 'Sorte Svaner.'

This year will for all that be of great importance to dramatic art, as Christiania is even now opening its "New Grand National Theatre," which is to be the special home of Norwegian plays. Also, it has already acquired rights of production for the new pieces promised by Ibsen and Heiberg during the autumn season.

As to the supply of novels, it distinguishes itself rather by quantity than quality; out of the thirty novels that have appeared, very few, if any, can lay just claim to pre-eminence. 'Byen's Fædre,' by E. Kræmmer; 'Fugl Fønix,' by G. Scott; 'Hugormen,' by H. E. Kinck; 'Afkømt,' by Fru A. Skram; and 'Trøndere,' by P. Egge, enjoyed a fair amount of popularity, which they, however, shared with several others, that want of space alone prevents me from mentioning.

Foremost among this year's poetical works must be named V. Krag's 'Vestlandsviser' and T. Andersen's excellent 'Digte'; also with real pleasure should be welcomed the new edition of E. Storm's 'Døleviser' of the last century, issued under the direction of H. Halvorsen, an acknowledged authority on dialects, splendidly illustrated, and set to music. Also the new edition of our famous classic, Holberg's comedies, deserves attention and praise, edited as they are by N. Kjør, after a careful revision of the text. At the same time he publishes a volume of clever essays on foreign art and literature; while J. Bing in his work 'Norske Digte og Digtere' occupies himself with home matters alone.

In the history of culture we find a work on 'Bergen, Past and Present,' by D. Grønvold, and a similar one on 'Christiania,' by Kaptein Abildgaard; also a most trustworthy 'Retrospect of the History of Norse Law,' by Prof. A. Taranger, and an erudite digest of the 'Rights of Possession of Norse Church Properties,' by Prof. E. Hertzberg. The 'General Review of Norse State Laws,' just commenced by Prof. B. Morgenstjerne, will, in the part referring to our relations with Sweden, be keenly criticized by those who do not share his opinions. On the other hand, unanimous approval will greet Prof. O. Rygh's exhaustive work on the

'Nomenclature of Country Estates and Townships,' and Prof. A. Helland's 'Topographical Survey' of the country districts, when finished. Dr. C. O. E. Arbo's 'Contribution to the Anthropology of the Norwegians' is distinguished for its absolute exactness in every detail.

In matters relating to geography and biology should be noticed Capt. H. J. Bull's account of his 'Expedition to the Antarctic Ocean,' during 1893-95; and the justly celebrated 'Study on the Crustacea of Norway,' by Prof. G. O. Sars, of which the second volume has appeared.

Next, Dr. H. A. T. Dedichen's physiological writings bring us to works on moral science, among them Dr. G. Fasting's dissertation 'Om Samvittigheten,' and Dr. O. Jensen's 'Om Soning og Forsoning.' With the Rev. M. Lae's expansive work on the Deluge we reach theological ground, and here draw attention to the new edition of Pastor Christopher Bruun's 'Folkelige Grundtanker,' renowned over twenty years ago for their attack on classical education. In conclusion, mention should be made of B. Arnulf's contribution to social questions, 'Et retferdigere Samfund,' which brings me to the end of my report on the most important literary productions of the last year.

CHR. BRINCHMANN.

#### POLAND.

OUR principal novelists have not yet finished their last works. H. Sienkiewicz has not yet completed his great historical romance 'The Crusaders,' nor Madame E. Orzeszko her 'Argonauts,' a picture of moral depravity and the most recent times. Many, also, of our elder writers have been completely silent, so that new names—as, of course, is the natural way of things—gain constantly more space in our literature. I spoke last year of W. Sieroszewski. His new collection of stories, 'At the Edge of the Forest,' possesses all the fine qualities which were discernible in his first venture. Especially in his descriptions of nature in Siberia, with which he has become personally acquainted, does he display an unwonted strength and poetical capacity. Another young story-teller of note, S. Zeromski, takes more pleasure in studying the obscure processes of the mind, and in his 'Works of Fiction' he shows himself less devoted to artifices of style than to the delineation of strong mental changes. 'The Promised Land' of W. Reymont is a description (couched in a style full of energy and suppleness) of the feverish life of manufacturers and speculators in the industrial town of Lodz, the so-called Polish Manchester. A similar subject forms the theme of 'The Swindlers' of A. Gruszecki, in which the Jewish stockjobbers of Warsaw are depicted with drastic fidelity to truth. Another tale of the same writer's, 'In the Old Mansion,' turns on the difference between the culture of the old Polish nobility and the life of the common country population, developing out of new elements. In 'The Labours of Sisyphus' J. Zych relates with unflinching accuracy, and in admirably artistic form, the history of the mental changes of a Polish student who has been bred from earliest youth under the influence of Russian culture. A noble disposition to



regard no sacrifice of personal welfare when it is a question of retaining Polish ground in Polish hands forms the main idea of a two-volume story by Emma Jelenska, 'The Young Lady,' the heroine representing a type depicted with great truth to life and simplicity. The same idea is obvious also in the new work of M. Rodziewicz, 'The Distaff.' Here, too, a mother, an owner of land, makes it the aim of her life to hand down the ancestral acres undiminished to her son. The psychological novel of Madame Z. Kowerska, 'Brothers and Elective Affinity,' is not without good qualities, although it might be charged with prolixity. The common theme of 'The Orchids,' a collection of tales by Z. Jenike, is love, here treated as an elementary force. The new stories of A. Dygasinski are mostly village tales, recounted with considerable humour, and with accurate knowledge of the habits of our country folk; while a satirical irony predominates in the stories of S. Krzywoszewski. The only representative of the historical novel in the past twelvemonth has been the new work of A. Krechowicki, 'For the Throne,' in which he brings before the reader, in many effective scenes and with great skill, the bloodless struggle which broke out in Poland after the abdication of John Casimir. The best of the many characters introduced is undoubtedly that of the great Elector of Brandenburg, who took a leading part in the intrigues. Among the authors already often mentioned in my articles who have brought out new works in the last twelvemonth, and have creditably sustained their reputation, are G. Zapolska, K. Gliniski, Sewer, W. Los, W. Kosiakiewicz, K. Rojan, and others.

Among the lyric poets, J. Kasproicz has distinguished himself by his vigorous language, which often becomes rough, and the candour of his sentiment. 'The Wild Rose Shrub,' his most recent collection of poetry, is full of pessimistic lamentations regarding the lot of mankind, which passes away in the track of the sun, and then circles eternally in darkness. The 'Poems' of L. Rydel have been favourably received by the critics, especially on account of their agreeable form. On the whole, the amount of lyric verse produced at this time is unusually large, and many writers—Z. Dembicki, W. Lieder, J. Sten, &c.—have essayed more or less successfully this branch of literature. It is to be remarked also that most of the young aspirants to poetic fame—especially the youngest—rank themselves as "moderns": they discuss a great deal, and with an immense amount of self-consciousness, the new departures and aims of art, and their especial watchwords are "Part pour l'art" and the "naked soul"; but hitherto all remains within the bounds of "grey theory," and the most recent school has not yet produced anything that could be regarded by the world as a true work of art.

Modernism also tries its strength on the stage; but here it finds even less encouragement than in lyric verse, for it seems to be in contradiction with the essence of dramatic art and its natural laws. On this account the piece of S. Przybyszewski, 'For Fortune,' was a failure. The audience discovered no drama in it, only a psycho-

logical argument. J. Kisielewski appears to possess the most talent for the stage of our young playwrights, and has embodied in his 'Caricatures' a lively sketch of a young decadent. S. Wyspianski in his 'Song of Warsaw' and his historical play 'Lelewel' has shown unmistakable poetical faculty, but also a glaring deficiency of stagecraft. 'The Enchanted Circle' of L. Rydel has obtained the favour of the public, owing to its many dramatic situations, well-written dialogues, and natural presentation of country life. On the other hand, S. Kozlowski appears to cling to the old romantic school, and his last piece, like its predecessors, is in a certain degree operatic.

In conclusion I may mention among historical works three volumes by T. Korzon, the most notable of Polish historians, on 'The Prosperity and Adversity of John Sobieski'; the second volume of the 'History of the Polish Nation,' by W. Grabienski (properly Smolenski); a monograph on 'The False Demetrius,' by A. Hirsberg; and 'The Bourbons in Exile in Mittau and Warsaw,' by A. Kraushar. A study of the psychology of history by J. Ochonowicz, 'The Unconscious Traditions of Mankind,' may also be mentioned. There are three monographs to record on Mickiewicz: a brilliant essay by the poetess M. Konopnicka; 'Adam Mickiewicz: a Psychological Study of the Poet,' by A. Belcikowski; and 'The Aesthetic of Mickiewicz,' by P. Chmielowski, a book full of profound and original views. A new and masterly edition of the letters of the celebrated Polish poet Juliusz Slowacki has been brought out by L. Méyet. The eighth volume of the writings of W. Spasowicz, an eminent thinker and critic, also deserves chronicling.

ADAM BELCIKOWSKI.

#### RUSSIA.

In the old times in Europe, when people first committed their thoughts to writing, manuscripts were circulated which still have their genuine value; nay, more, possess as rich a flavour as wine from the vaults of a monastery. Later on the place of these manuscripts was taken by heavy volumes, from which even to this day there breathes an odour of noble antiquity; "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," as the poet said. Over these learned investigators and lonely thinkers, wearied by the melancholy productions of contemporary literature, now bend. In our days the rule of manuscripts and portly volumes is over; their place has been taken by novels, crude pamphlets, and omnipotent newspapers. The case is the same in Russia as in the rest of Europe, only the combination of these forms of literature is more depressing. With us the colourless monthly magazine is in full vigour; it is accompanied by the empty newspaper. The main contents of these publications are feeble stories of life among the people, or, even worse, those that deal with the purposeless life of the so-called "intelligent class." To these we must add melancholy essays on economic questions and scientific compilations—weak critical studies which continually repeat thoughts uttered years ago by abler journalists. The ethical element in our romances is at the same time the

lever of Archimedes and the heel of Achilles in Russian literature. The everlasting confusion of two entirely different spheres of literary production gives the world at one time such splendid productions as 'Crime and Punishment,' by Dostoievski, and the 'Anna Karenina' of Tolstoi, and at another lands Russian literature in the hopeless quagmire in which it is now found. Russian writers ought to study the brilliant English drama of the Elizabethan period, or the Spanish literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They might then see how there can be grand creative power without the leaden influence of an ethical tendency—in what luminous and as yet unsurpassed forms the artistic creations of those minds are expressed which accept the charm of existence without restraint.

This benumbing influence of overdevelopment of the ethical theory is remarkably conspicuous in the chief Russian work which has appeared during the last twelve months. If it were not for this blemish, I might say that it was one of the most notable productions in European literature during recent years. I mean the novel of Tolstoi, 'The Resurrection' ('Voskresenie'), with the contents of which the readers of the *Athenæum* are, no doubt, already acquainted. It is impossible to utter a decisive opinion on this novel, because it is not yet finished, but, judging by the chapters which have already been published, we can see the literary methods of the contemporary Tolstoi. Having planned a whole series of astonishing artistic combinations, he himself destroys them, by underscoring for greater emphasis what is obvious; he furnishes them with a commentary, and converts his novel into a commonplace sermon on truths which no one disputes. He lowers his genius to the attitude of a schoolmaster with a ferule in his hand. Certainly Leo Tolstoi is too great an author to write a thing entirely bad. In the midst of those chapters where he gives a caricature of the trial we meet with such detached pictures as the description of Easter Day and the fall of the heroine, or the story how the betrayed girl runs after the train which is bearing away her deceiver. These are overpowering scenes and will always be an ornament to Russian literature. But on the whole the later Tolstoi produces the impression of a precious vase which has been broken. You will never be able to restore it to its former entirety; but carefully glued together and with its cracks visible, it may still become the ornament of a museum.

An impression of irreproachable completeness is produced by the work of another Russian author remarkable for his genuine originality, the poet K. K. Sluchevski. This author has published a complete collection of his works, poetry and prose, in six volumes. The Russian newspaper critics, who are attentive to every sparrow which twitters in the style pleasing to the old-fashioned author, have almost completely ignored the productions of this independent and talented man. Ten years ago, when he first made his appearance, he endured a storm of adverse criticism because his poetry lacked national motifs. Sluchevski occupies quite a peculiar position: he imitates no one, he speaks his own language,

which is full of that expressiveness which we find in a harmoniously constructed mind which has the profundity of an inviolate sincerity. If among Russian poets there is one who has never lied, has not gone in quest of phrases, but has been true to himself, that poet is Slucevski. He stands alone among the numerous Russian singers, like an aged tree in a forest with its trunk overgrown with moss and shattered branches, but for all that green and ever young, smiling at time and the weak saplings which perhaps will not last till the following winter. In such poems as 'In the Snows' ('V sniegakh') or 'The Priest Elisha' ('Pope Elisei'), Slucevski makes a delicate psychological analysis, which explains to us the souls of simple, unimportant people more successfully and more truly than Nekrasov does in his celebrated poems. If we examine his other productions, such as the fantastic poem 'Eloa,' based upon apocryphal traditions, or 'Mephistopheles,' a production full of delicate observation and spirit, he appears a mystic and a philosopher full of calm audacity. From the point of view of their demoniacal boldness, many of his lyrical poems also are deeply interesting, as, for example, 'Kamarinskaia,' a thoroughly poetical *danse macabre*, or 'After an Execution in Geneva' ('Posle Kazni v Zhenevie'), a poem full of dark and terrible beauty. In productions of such a kind Slucevski is on the same level as Baudelaire and Richepin. We remark also another important feature in the poetical personality of Slucevski: he understands thoroughly how to describe the soul of things. He introduces life where others only see beings without a soul. Night, the sun, the months, the snowstorm, a simple object of domestic furniture, all have a secret life in his pages. It is a life only visible to the poet with the deep soul and elemental force of an unusually clever man.

Other Russian poets and men of letters who, in this or some other degree, merit attention have hardly shown themselves at all, in the course of the last few months, with anything calculated to arouse special interest. But I must make note of some smaller books which possess decided literary value. The gifted novel-writer Yasinski, whose palette is rich with bright colours, has published a very interesting tale 'The Rebellion of the Cockroaches' ('Tarakani Bunt'), in which the little-noticed sides of Russian life have found an experienced artist. The striking parallel between the life of cockroaches and Russian peasants overpowers the reader by the mercilessness of the colours and the gloomy originality of the conception.

Another author of ability, Chekhov, has written some new sketches of considerable merit, and continues to issue in new editions his previous short stories, full of delicate observation, purely Russian sadness, melancholy, and humour. Poet, critic, and novelist, Merezhovski has issued in a second edition his book entitled 'Eternal Fellow-travellers' ('Viechnie Sputniki'), a series of living character-sketches from the domain of universal literature. We have here interesting studies of Pushkin, Montaigne, Ibsen, and many others. This book is written in beautiful language and bears testimony to the

elegant literary taste of the author. Merezhovski is publishing in the journal the *Beginning* (*Nachalo*) a new novel, 'The Gods who have Ascended' ('Voskresshie Bogi'). Here Leonardo da Vinci, so much in fashion in our time, appears as the chief agent. As far as one may judge by the chapters printed, the novel does not promise to be interesting. The language is dry and colourless; the characters are pale and capricious.

The well-known Boborykin, who in his literary methods is more like a Frenchman than a Russian, has written a big novel, 'Where Can We Go?' ('Kuda Idti?') and a little tale, 'At Home' ('Doma'). In the latter, which has attracted the attention of readers, he raises the question, not of the subjection of woman, as was done in the good old times, but of the subjection of man, which in other outlines and with other colouring has several times appeared in the writings of the celebrated Swedish author August Strindberg, who has carried off the palm of priority among contemporary misogynists. I must notice as a consoling appearance in literature the three novels of Madame V. Mikulich, 'The Cherry Tree' ('Cheremucha'), 'Flashes of Lightning' ('Zarnitsi'), and 'Mimochka.' Madame Mikulich understands how to draw characters in a lively way, and the type of the fickle Mimochka is sketched by her with true artistic delicacy. She understands nature also, and can describe it well. The young man of letters Maxim Gorki, who has made a considerable name during the last two years, deserves a lengthy notice. The two volumes of his sketches and tales are of considerable importance. Gorki has his own language and manner, passionate and nervous; he has understood how to paint in vivid colours the world of vagabonds and heterodox people.

Melshin, the author of the book 'In the World of Outcasts,' continues to publish his sketches drawn from convict life. They appear in the journal *Russian Wealth* (*Russkoe Bogatstvo*). The young poet Ivan Bunin has issued a collection of pieces, 'Under the Open Sky' ('Pod Otkritim Nebom'), where there are good descriptions of nature. He has also published an excellent translation of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' Korinski, author of 'Songs of the Heart' ('Piesni Serdtsa') and 'Black Roses' ('Chornia Rozi'), has published a 'Hymn to Beauty' ('Gimn Krasotie'), in which is to be found some beautiful poetry. The young poet-symbolist Valeri Briusov is an original writer, and has issued a book small in compass, but well written and interesting, entitled 'About Art' ('O Iskusstvie'). Vladimir Shuf, who knows well the scenery of the Crimea, has issued his 'Crimean Sonnets' in a second edition.

As interesting publications may be noted the collection of the works of Karonin in two volumes, consisting of pictures of the life of the people; the collection of the works of Madame Markovich, under the pseudonym of Marko Vovchok, in eight volumes, also dealing with the life of the people; and the collection of the works of M. N. Zagoskin, in ten volumes. The last named was the author of the celebrated novel 'Yuri Miloslavski.' Pushkin and Zhukovski were great admirers of his writings. Other authors might be mentioned here, but I will allow the

cold breath of time to chill slightly the natural warmth in which, as in a hot bath, many sickly growths have developed themselves among us. We will now go on to speak of what has been achieved in the domain of history.

Here the first place must be given to the elaborate work of N. K. Shilder, 'The Emperor Alexander I.' ('Imperator Alexander Pervii'), which has ended with the fourth volume. This is no ordinary historical work, but rather an historico-psychological monograph. The author has concentrated all his attention on the personality of the Tsar. He submits it to a minute analysis, full of scientific and artistic merit. It is a character composed of contradictions: at one time full of heroism, decision, and manliness; at another, timid and yielding like a reed in the wind. Such a person is fitted to become the hero of a poem. The character has in reality been delicately portrayed from this point of view by Slucevski in his poem 'The Vision' ('Prizrak'). We see it on a broader scale in this fine historical investigation by Shilder. The author has utilized all the previous literature on the subject, and has introduced a whole series of new stores of information, taken partly from the archives, and partly from the recollections of various people and from memoirs. While furnishing many data of a strictly biographical character, the author puts before us a picture of the period as far as it is in immediate connexion with the personality of the Emperor. Thanks to these efforts, the book is distinguished by the qualities of scientific work and the attractions of an artistic production. Among other things the author minutely investigates the legend connected with the death of Alexander. There was a rumour among the common people that he did not die, but became a hermit. They identified him with the Siberian hermit, who expired at Tomsk in 1864 about ninety years of age, called Feodor Kuzmich. They talked of his miracles and prophecies. When, just before his death, he was asked what was his real name, he said: "I was born among the trees; if these trees were to gaze upon me they would bow their summits, although there was no wind."

At Moscow the works of N. S. Tikhonravov have been finally issued by the publishing house of the Sabashnikovs, under the editorship of M. Speranski and V. Yakushkin. The three volumes containing the labours of this gifted and conscientious scholar furnish a valuable storehouse for Russian historiography. In the first volume the essays on old Russian literature are included. Here, among other things, the most interesting essay on 'Apocryphal Books in Old Russia' ('Otrechonnia Knigi drevnei Rossii') first appears. In the second volume we find essays on Russian literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the beginning of the Russian theatre; Moscow freethinkers of the eighteenth century; the Boyarina Morozova. The third volume deals with Russian literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Lomonosov, Fonvizin, Novikov, and others. Tikhonravov is always conspicuous for the accuracy of his facts,

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and shows himself a first-rate scholar. We may say that while he studies the whole wood, he examines also the separate trees which compose it, and looks at each tree as a rich independent world. After such a particular survey he is able to give a complete general impression. Among the small number of historical books distinguished not only by the serious relation of the author to his subject, but by the desire and ability to write elegantly, may be reckoned the work of the young scholar N. Kotliarevski, 'Disgust with the World at the End of the Past and Beginning of the Present Century' ('Mirovaya Skorb v' Kontsie Proshlago i Nachalie Nashevo Vieka'). This is a series of characteristics, vigorously described, from the domain of romanticism, of Chateaubriand, Schiller, and Nodier. The salient features in Byron are carefully elaborated. The author, however, ought to have introduced into his analysis the rich world of Shelley, which served as a golden bridge between the thoughts and creations of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth on the one side, and the poetry of the future on the other.

The following books also deserve mention. The work of Shliapkin, 'Natalia Alexievna and the Theatre of her Time' ('Natalia Alexievna i Teatre eya Vremeni'), is a conspicuous addition to the history of the Russian theatre, which has been as yet inadequately investigated. During his travels the author found at Veliki Ustoug, in the library of the Uspenski Cathedral, a manuscript which once belonged to a certain "dwarf named Yuras," and was written before 1721. This manuscript throws light on the beginnings of the theatre in Russia, as it furnishes pieces from the *répertoire* of the Tsarevna Natalia Alexievna, of which up to this time only the names were known. We find here also interesting information on the manners of literary people during the transition period. M. Stehéglov discourses on the contemporary theatre of the people in the second edition of a good book, 'The National Theatre in Sketches and Pictures' ('Narodni Teatre v' Ocherkakh i Kartinkakh'). He supplies information here on the popular theatre at Moscow, and tells us what sort of pieces please the people, &c.

A. Borozdin in his book 'The Protopope Avvakum' supplies a sketch of intellectual life in Russia in the seventeenth century. He furnishes many fresh data to explain the great Russian sectary, who practised a whole series of frauds, and died at the stake. M. Diakonov, the author of the 'Dominion of the Muscovite Emperors' ('Vlast Moskovskikh Gosudarev'), a monograph distinguished by great accuracy and just observations, has published another comprehensive study, 'Sketches of the History of the Village Population in the Muscovite Empire' ('Ocherki iz Istarii Selskago Naselenia v' Moskovskom Gosudarstvie: 16-17 Vieka'). A. Dmitriev-Mamonov contributes some additional information on the insurrection of Pugachev in his 'The Insurrection of Pugachev in Siberia' ('Pugachevstchina v' Sibiri'). The work is based on original documents and personal investigations.

N. Kutepov has published an historical sketch, 'Imperial Sports of the Tsars Mikhail Feodorovich and Alexei Mikhailo-

vich in Russia' ('Tsarskia Okhoti na Rusi Tsarei Mikhaila Feodorovicha i Alexeia Mikhailovicha'). In this work will be found much interesting information about the life of the old Russian Tsars. A. Viazigin, the author of some valuable monographs on the history of the eleventh century, has founded on a careful study of documents his new book, 'Sketches of the History of the Papacy in the Eleventh Century' ('Ocherki iz Istarii Papstva v' 11-m Viekie'); he deals with Hildebrand and the Papacy to the death of Henry III. The talented historian P. Miliukov has issued in a second edition his work 'The Chief Tendencies of Russian Historical Thought' ('Glavnia Tehenia Russkoi Istoricheskoi Misli'). The well-known scholar A. Pypin has published three volumes of his 'History of Russian Literature' ('Istoria Russkoi Literaturi'). In these he traces it from the oldest times to Lemonosov inclusive. S. Vengerov continues his vast bibliographical work 'Russian Books with Biographical Data about the Authors and Translators' ('Russkia Knigi s' Biographicheskimi Dannimi ob Avtorakh i Perevodchikakh'). G. Potanin has published a work 'Eastern Motifs in the Mediæval European Epos' ('Vostochnie Motivi v' Srednevekovom Yevropeiskom Epose'), a vast independent investigation, as the foundation of which the identity of the Western and Eastern epos is assumed.

In speaking of the periodical press I must call attention to the cessation of the journal the *Northern Messenger* (*Sievernii Vestnik*), upon which a systematic attack was made by an influential group of liberal journals, and which was also ruined partly by the tactless proceedings of the editor, A. Volinski. I must, however, call attention to the appearance of three new journals—*Life* (*Zhizn*), the *Beginning* (*Nachalo*), and the *World of Art* (*Mir Iskusstva*). To all appearance the first two will be devoted to the examination of Socialism and economic questions; the third is chiefly in the hands of young artists and poets, who will make the Russian public acquainted with the new departures in painting.

In order to complete the survey of our subject it is necessary to mention the bitter polemic which has raged this year between the so-called "Marxists" and the so-called Nationalists (*Narodniki*); but I have not devoted any space to it in my essay because up to this time the polemic, unless I am greatly mistaken, has produced nothing but empty noise.

The end of the best month of this year—I mean the last week of May—was made memorable for Russia by a national festival, the centenary of the birth of Pushkin. Pushkin is our glory, our pride, our sun. His songs, full of native beauty for us, were the dawn of Russian poetry. In the last hours of the century that has passed, when the horizon of the intellectual life of Russia is enveloped in mist, it is consoling to see that on the edges of the dark clouds the beams of that sun still shine which illumined us in the morning hour. These beams promise us a new dawn, new happiness, new youth.

CONSTANTINE BALMONT.

## SPAIN.

Of the books published during the last twelve months undoubtedly the most important are the historical, several of them being of singular interest, and some of them masterly works of quite exceptional importance. Such is the case with the 'Orígenes Históricos de Cataluña,' a voluminous compilation in which the author, Prof. Balari, of Barcelona, has collected and classified by chapters and paragraphs, which give the volume rather the look of a commonplace book, innumerable facts relative to geography, philology, flora and fauna, external history, and the civilization of Catalonia from the eighth century to the twelfth. Generally speaking, the monograph of Señor Balari confirms the investigations of Bofarull, Botet, Grahit, Pella, and others; his novel results in this regard are not very considerable, but he has amplified their conclusions and accumulated a number of fresh proofs, taken—most of them—at first hand from original documents. It is no wonder that there should be gaps in a work so extensive. They are to be remarked in the chapter on culture, in that upon coins, and that on legislation, which is lacking in information regarding the "fueros," and in reference to works so important as that of Ficker relating to the influence exercised by the "exceptiones legum Romanorum" on the usages. Another treatise of singular importance is that of Señor Costa on 'Agrarian Collectivism in Spain,' two instalments of which have appeared, containing a complete history of the Collectivist doctrines from the sixteenth century onwards, and of the social and legislative facts which indicate the existence in our peninsula of a traditional tendency, the precursor, in fundamental points, of the modern theories of Spence, Wallace, and George. Whatever opinion may be formed of the judicial leanings of Señor Costa, it must be allowed that from an historical point of view his volume is the most important contribution to our social history that has appeared in Spain for years, with the exception of the admirable 'History of the Social Institutions of Gothic Spain,' by Señor Perez Pujol. By the side of these two books I may place the 'Catalogue of the "Crónicas Generales" of Spain' which exist in manuscript in the Royal Library, compiled with great critical acuteness and a minute study by Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal. He has not contented himself with putting together a mere bibliographical compilation, but he has taken advantage of the opportunity afforded him by the rich treasures of the Royal Library to establish the intricate genealogy of the chronicles, indicating and defining their characteristics and also affording some notion of their contents. Accordingly, this monograph forms an excellent guide for the learned, and a necessary introduction to the indispensable critical edition which Señor Menéndez Pidal is bound to produce as a basis for the edition of the 'Poem of the Cid' that he has long been engaged in preparing. The catalogue is illustrated with plates—photographic reproductions of pages of the manuscripts.

Local history, as usual, contributes a considerable contingent to the literature of the



twelve months. Among books of this class the most notable are the voluminous 'History of the Ayuntamiento of Seville,' a compilation full of documents, which is written by the city's chronicler, Don Joaquín Guichot (the third volume, coming down to 1808, is ready, and the fourth is in the press); the 'History of the Province of Ciudad Real,' by Señor Blazquez; and the 'History of the Church of Santiago in Galicia,' by Señor López Ferreiro, a work which, like all its author writes, is full of interest, careful, and studded with new facts. I feel bound also to mention the monograph of Señor Miret on the 'Relations between the Monasteries of Camprodon and Moissac,' important for its investigation of Cluniac influence; 'The Parish Church of Tarrasa,' by Señor Soler; and two volumes of the "Asturian Library," 'El Franco' and 'Boal,' by Señores Fernandez and Acevedo. Military history is the richer for two publications: 'The War of Annexation in Portugal under Philip II.,' by Señor Suárez Inclán, a treatise full of documents, and the fourth volume of the 'Spanish Navy,' by Señor Fernandez Duro, of which I have made mention in previous articles. I may also chronicle an historical 'Account of the Civil Guard,' by Señor Iglesia.

The literature relating to our former colonies in America and Oceania has of late been in especial favour. Besides the publications which I shall mention of documents and bibliography, I have also to record the 'General History of the Philippines and Catalogue of the Documents referring to those Islands which are preserved in the Records of the Indies'; the two volumes devoted to Mindanao by Señores Francia and Gonzalez Parrado, who have collected a number of unpublished historical pieces; and the historical narrative of the 'Attack of Li-Ma-Hong on Manila in 1574,' published by Señor Caro. Undoubtedly more important than this raw material is the history of our science, the revival of which was undertaken some years ago by Señor Menéndez y Pelayo, who revived previous undertakings. To this class belongs a copious study by Señor Carracido, crowned by the Spanish Academy, upon the famous author of the 'Natural and Moral History of the Indies,' Father José de Acosta, much praised by Humboldt. Señor Carracido has not only written the external biography of Father Acosta, but also gone into particulars of his various publications in Castilian and in Latin, stopping to examine at length the 'Natural History.' To another and even more distinguished man, Cardinal Cisneros, Señor Hernando has devoted a lecture read in the University of Madrid, in which he more especially brings into sharp relief the services the Cardinal rendered to Spanish culture in the University of Alcalá and other foundations. The same class of researches is represented by Señor Bustos's monograph on the 'Part played by the University of Salamanca in the Gregorian Correction' of the calendar. To the history of science in the sixteenth century also belongs the brief 'Life of the Physician, Botanist, and Author, Cristóbal de Acosta,' written by Señor Olmedilla; and Señores Fernandez Duro and Martinez have published a memoir of a true *savant*, naturalist, geographer, and modern historian, Don

Márco Jiménez de la Espada, who died lately. They have done justice to the original and considerable investigations of the deceased, whose 'Geographical Relations of the Indies' headed my article of last year. Another biography of the same kind is the book of Señor Fabié upon Don P. Salaverria. The large first volume (with plates) of the 'Genealogico-historical Tree of the Sovereigns of Spain,' undertaken by Señor Estevan y Diaz, and the interesting monograph of Señor Luanco on 'D. Juan Agell and his Scientific Labours' also deserve mention; and so do the annals of a family of printers, the Guasp of Mallorca, which have been made the subject of a curious pamphlet by Señor Llabrés, 'The Most Ancient Dynasty of Printers in Europe.'

Finally, the history of law and sociology is represented by the essay devoted to the 'Hampa' by Señor Salillas, and the first volume of a 'Critical History of the Legal Literature of Spain,' by Señor Ureña. In the former the author continues the study (which he took up some time ago, and on which he has brought critical originality to bear) of the types of Spanish criminals, examining more particularly the psychological character of the picaresque society immortalized in 'El pícaro Guzman de Alfarache' and other analogous tales of the golden age of our literature, and the history and condition of the gypsies, in which he points out their influence upon our national manners. The volume of Señor Ureña is highly useful as a manual of instruction, forming as it does the first systematic attempt at a history of legal ideas in Spain (it is the subject of the chair which the writer fills in the faculty of law), and also possesses interest for scholars and specialists in the past, referring to Mussulman law and Semitic influence on the legislation of mediæval Spain, as well as to the law literature of the Spanish Arabs—points which Señor Ureña has investigated more minutely than any one, and with better results. Although it is probable that some of his conclusions will be disputed by Arabists and legal historians, the value of the new departure which is due to Señor Ureña is not to be denied, and coincides in part with that of Señor Ribera in the work 'Sources of the Justicia in Aragon,' of which I have before spoken.

The publication of unprinted documents goes on increasing. In the past twelve-month there have appeared vols. iii. and iv. of the 'Historia Documentada de las Comunidades de Castilla'; the second volume of the 'Relations of Yucatán,' belonging to the series of "Documentos inéditos de las Antiguas Posesiones de Ultramar"; a new volume, the seventh, of the 'Dietari' of Barcelona; another of the meetings of the Cortes of Catalonia, comprehending those held between 1359 and 1367; the fourth and last instalment of the 'Documents of the War of Secession in Peru,' printed by the Conde de Torata, and relating to the 'Treason of Olañeta'; the fourth also of the 'Archivo del Bibliófilo Filipino,' to which the editor, Señor Retana, has added an abridged catalogue of his Philippine library; and lastly the 'Book of the Privileges of Tarrasa,' printed by Señor Soler y Palet. Separate mention is due to the collection

of 'Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu,' which since July last has been enriched by new series. The first place is due to the 'Letters of Father Nadal' ('Epistolæ P. Hieronymi Nadal'), written between 1546 and 1577. The name of this Jesuit is not so well known as those of several of his contemporaries, yet it deserves to be. The letters are preceded by a lengthy biographical-bibliographical preface of great help in the perusal of them. In other *fasciculi* of the collection is continued the 'Chronicon Societatis Jesu,' of which the sixth volume is far advanced. In a measure the 'Life of Charles III.,' by Fernán Núñez, belongs to this class of documents. It has been frequently mentioned by M. Morel-Fatio, and has now been edited by him and Señor Paz. Of the reprints of important works, the most notable is that of the 'Ingenious Comparison between Ancient and Modern' of Villalón, produced by the Sociedad de Bibliófilos.

The traditions of bibliography in Spain have always been good, and it continues to occupy the attention of many scholars. The principal production of this class is the 'Ensayo bio-bibliográfico sobre los Historiadores y Geógrafos Arábigo-españoles' of Señor Pons, *premiado* by the National Library. The following also possess interest: the 'Index to the Documents in the Archives of the Ayuntamiento of San Sebastian,' by Señor Mugica; the 'Catalogue of Euskaran Works,' by Sorraín; the 'Descriptive Account of Maps, Plans, &c., of the Philippines in the Archives of the Indies,' by Torres - Lanzas; 'Modern Spanish Legal Bibliography,' by Torres Campos; and other less important publications.

In archeology there are some important books to mention: the 'Catálogo de las Colecciones expuestas en las vitrinas del Palacio de Liria,' edited by the Duchess of Alba; the handsome 'Historico-descriptive Catalogue' of the Royal armoury, by that highly intelligent antiquary the Conde de Valencia de Don Juan; a lengthy study upon 'La Scriptura, l'impremta, lo llibre,' by a Catalan, Señor Brunet; various monographs upon new discoveries made in Santiponce and Carmona, by Señores Caballero-Infante and Fernández; an historical essay on 'Public Works in Spain,' by Señor Alzola; and others that there is no room to name.

*Belles-lettres* are positively in a state of decay. The public shows little partiality for them, and consequently the production is small. In the way of novels I can mention two more of the "Episodios Nacionales" of Perez Galdós, 'De Oñate á la Granja' and 'Luchana.' In both there are admirable descriptive passages, such as those of the flight of Oñate and of the battle of Luchana, and the wonted perspicacity and originality in the study of certain characters. Señor Palacio Valdés, who has been silent for some time past, has brought out 'La Alegría del Capitán Ribot,' one of his most successful, sympathetic, ideal, and pleasant tales—for it is all that. Oller, the well-known Catalan novelist, studies in 'La Borgia' the problem of insanity with great ability, yet, to my mind, he is inconsistent in the management of the narrative, so that he weakens the force of many of his most important passages. Emilia Pardo

Bazán has merely a volume of tales already known under the title of 'Cuentos Sacro-profanos.' Valera has in the press a story, 'Morsamor,' of which I cannot speak in this article. Political satire has this year, as it did last, inspired numerous writers, the most eminent of whom is Señor Gutiérrez Gamero, author of 'El Ilustre Manguindoy.' The ranks of the young novelists of promise have been sadly thinned by the decease of two of the most distinguished, Ochoa and Ganivet. The latter has left unfinished—the first two volumes only had appeared—a story called 'Los Trabajos del infatigable Creador Pío Cid,' which, in spite of occasional extravagances, if the reader likes to call them so, and a decided lack of proportion, contains passages that reveal a genuine literary talent, both as regards thought and as regards artistic emotion and a fine sense of the beautiful. The same author published some suggestive 'Cartas Finlandesas,' and some chapters in the 'Book of Granada,' written with the co-operation of other young natives of Granada, one of whom, Señor López, has produced a book displaying much feeling, and called 'Tristeza Andaluza.' Another young man already well known in the literary world, Señor Matheu, has brought out a new story styled 'Carmela Rediviva.'

Poetry also is scantily represented. I can think of nothing but the 'Llibre de la Mort,' a collection of unpublished verses by the learned Catalan poet Aguiló, lately deceased; 'The Garden of Poets,' by the brilliant Manuel Reina; a volume of patriotic pieces by Vaamonde, 'After the Disaster'; and a luxurious translation of the 'Canigo' of Verdaguer by the Count de Cedillo. Our classical poets are well represented in the eighth volume of the 'Colección de Líricos Castellanos,' enriched like its predecessors by a most notable historical and critical introduction from the pen of Señor Menéndez y Pelayo, and in the highly curious 'Coplas del Peregrino de Puey Monçon,' the narrative of a pilgrimage to Mecca in the sixteenth century, edited in the 'Collection of Arabic Studies' by Señor Pano. Two volumes hitherto unprinted of a deceased writer who enjoyed great celebrity in his day, Trueba, may be also recorded, 'Libro de los Cantares y Canciones Primaverales' and 'Libro de los Recuerdos.'

It is almost unnecessary to say that our plays consist merely of translations and of old work. Among the former there is an excellent adaptation of 'Twelfth Night' for the Spanish stage by Señor Benavente, under the title of 'Cuento de Amor.' The Catalan poets have translated and played at Barcelona Goethe's 'Iphigenia,' the 'Prometheus' and 'Persæ' of Æschylus, and 'Hamlet.' Of reprints there are the eighth volume of the 'Works of Lope de Vega,' comprising chronicles and dramatic legends of Spain, with a learned and brilliant preface by Menéndez y Pelayo, and vols. i., ii., and iii. of the works of Tamayo y Baus, the celebrated author of 'Un Drama Nuevo,' who was recently lost to letters. No original play has been a success. Echegaray has not succeeded in pleasing the public with any of his recent efforts. Benavente's translation above mentioned has been more of

a success than his 'Comida de fieras.' In spite of a manifest improvement, Villegas has not achieved with 'Sin rumbo' the success his ability leads us to expect. Two Catalan poets of unquestionable merit, Gual and Iglesias, have produced two plays, 'Blancaflor' and 'Foc-Follet,' which, in spite of beautiful passages, are feeble in construction, and do not meet the conditions of a theatre. Ganivet has made a *début* at Granada with a mystical drama, 'El Escultor de su alma.'

Criticism can count on a new name, that of Señor Llanas Aguilaniedo, author of a valuable literary study, 'Alma Moderna'; and also that of Señor Soler, who has investigated the psychology of Quevedo in a little book, 'Quien fué D. Francisco de Quevedo.' Señor Funes, known by his works on the history of the Spanish theatre, has printed an essay on 'Segismundo'; and Alfredo Calderon, the deepest thinker among our journalists, has produced a most interesting volume, 'De mis Campañas.' To Señor Apraiz is due the collection of the 'Critical Works of Samaniego' in a volume of the "Biblioteca Vascongada." In the department of philology I may mention 'El Libro de los Galicismos' of Señor Castro, and Señor Fabra's 'Contribution to the Grammar of Catalan.' The woman's movement, brilliantly but sparsely represented in Spain, has found expression in 'Feminismo,' by Señor Posada; and the 'Teoría de la Persona Social' is an exceedingly valuable essay by Señor Giner, one of those who have most contributed to the modern revival of moral and political sciences in this country.

RAFAEL ALTAMIRA.

## LITERATURE

*Cromwell as a Soldier.* By Lieut.-Col. T. S. Baldock, P.S.C., Royal Artillery. "The Wolseley Series." (Kegan Paul & Co.)  
*Oliver Cromwell and his Times: Social, Religious, and Political Life in the Seventeenth Century.* By G. Holden Pike. (Fisher Unwin.)  
*The Two Protectors, Oliver and Richard Cromwell.* By Sir Richard Tangye. (Partridge & Co.)

COL. BALDOCK'S work is not the first written by a military expert on the campaigns of the Caroline Civil War. Col. Ross and Major N. L. Walford have been before him. The former has very properly laid emphasis on the fact that at Naseby the Parliamentary forces were far more numerous than those of the king, and has also pointed out that the "New Model" was then by no means the splendid fighting machine which it afterwards became. Major Walford does not deal with Cromwell only, but does justice to others—Fairfax especially, whose fame as a soldier has been unduly overshadowed in the popular imagination by that of Oliver. Col. Baldock's book deals solely with Cromwell, and therefore fills a place which neither of the above can claim to occupy. The author understands tactics and army discipline, and consequently, when he studies the old documents—often so confused and irrelevant—can grasp the situation and describe it so as to be understood by those who have no knowledge of the art of war. As he

does this with clearness and precision of detail, his work cannot but be of service to all who read the history of the seventeenth century with the object of ascertaining what really did occur and how great events were brought about.

Col. Baldock does not discuss the political career of the Protector. We know not whether he looks upon him as having been as great in statesmanship and political organization as he was in war, or whether he regards his civil rule as one long mistake. We are, for our own part, glad that the two sides of Cromwell's character are thus kept separate, for though they were intertwined in the latter time with no little complexity, we must, if we are to know what he was really like, what he seemed to himself and his contemporaries, whether friends or enemies, endeavour to keep the two things as far apart as possible in our minds. There is, of course, no reason in the nature of things why a distinguished soldier should be skilled in civil affairs; but there is, on the other hand, no ground for questioning that such a man may be as competent in the one sphere as in the other. It is the height of rashness to assume, as has sometimes been done, that to make a serviceable tool for the purposes for which it is embodied an army must be governed by rigid discipline, and that therefore its organizer will of necessity import into the organization of a state suited for a freedom-loving people the masterful principles which ruled him in his military career.

Excellent as are the accounts which Col. Baldock gives of the battles in which Cromwell was concerned, we regard the concluding chapter, in which he sums up the results of his careful survey, as even more important. The author is not only well versed in the details of the English campaigns, but has, from his knowledge of continental warfare, a standard of comparison between Cromwell's career and that of the army which served under him and the foreign generals and armies of the same period and the years before it, whose actions were not then, as they are now, a faint and fading memory. In the preface he says that Cromwell was "probably the finest cavalry leader England ever produced," and in the summing up he endeavours—successfully, as we think—to demonstrate this. The wonderful thing is that a man who could have had no military training beyond the knowledge of how to use his sword effectively should have developed in middle life military faculties so far superior to those of any other English leader of his time; and not only this, but that he should have found himself able first to mould his own troop, and afterwards "the New Model," into a coherent force, superior not only to the adversaries with whom he came in contact, but to any other army of the seventeenth century. The idea was his own in the first instance, and much of the hard work, physical and intellectual, was his also; but, as the author takes pains to point out,

"he had the assistance of very able men, both in the Parliament and in the army, to push the work on; but he had also to contend with a powerful and interested opposition; that he succeeded was due to a soundness of judgment and an iron will unrivalled even among the great names of history."



The obstruction which hampered him, and would have wrecked the cause had not Cromwell been what he was, finds ample illustration in Col. Baldock's pages. The older men, who had seen service on the Continent, and had been elaborately indoctrinated with the tactics pursued there, could not understand the new methods; they thought them rash and dangerous, and had no little contempt for the new-fangled ways, so contrary to authority, which could not but end in disaster. How could a man who had never received the traditional instruction understand the art of war? It is by no means clear that Cromwell ever did understand it in their sense. Such feelings as theirs are common in every walk of life, and have no doubt been the cause of failure to many a man of genius who has not possessed strength of will equivalent to his intellectual capacity. But though Cromwell was hampered, he was not one to be overborne by difficulties. He knew far better than we can possibly do—perhaps, indeed, better than some of them knew themselves—the motives by which those who were in chief command were influenced. Prominent among these were the facts disclosed in his charges against the Earl of Manchester

"of causing unnecessary delays, of neglecting the instructions received from the Committee of the House, of a half-hearted prosecution of the Parliamentary cause, and of a desire to save the king from being reduced to extremities."

It does not by any means follow that Manchester was a traitor to the cause he had espoused, though no doubt in the heat of the conflict Cromwell was inclined to regard him as such. To men of the earl's stamp an hereditary king was as necessary for political existence as the Lords and Commons. He and those who thought with him rejected the wild teachings of Laud and his allies with sufficient fervour, but in a very real sense their thoughts ran parallel. Laud and those who followed him were absolutists. The archbishop had publicly affirmed that "the king is God's immediate lieutenant upon earth, and therefore one and the same action is God's by ordinance and the king's by execution," and much more of the same kind, which to modern ideas is equally monstrous. Those who were most influential in the councils of the Parliament at the beginning of the war were not mere students, but men versed in affairs, whose knowledge of practical life compelled them to revolt from such an absurdity; but still they were not emancipated from the superstition which lay at the foundation of the extreme view. To them, as to the Royalists, rebellion was a sin, and therefore subtle casuistry had to be used, by aid of which they could persuade themselves that the war was being levied not on Charles himself, but on the unprincipled advisers who surrounded him. To such men it was clear that to go too far would be to ruin everything. They were foolish persons, and the actions of some of them are worthy of the gravest censure, but they are by no means to be compared with Sir Faithful Fortescue and the Hothams—men Manchester and his party would have branded as traitors with as deep fervour as Cromwell himself. One of the strongest arguments such men used was

that, however often Charles might be beaten in the field, he would still remain King of England, whereas if the Parliamentarians suffered crushing defeat, "the cause would collapse and they would all be hanged." Col. Baldock says that this argument was attributed by some to the Earl of Manchester, but by others to Sir Arthur Hazle-ridge. From what we know of Manchester such a statement exactly tallies with his character; but Sir Arthur was a man of far different mould. We should require very strong evidence to convince us that he held such an opinion. It is probable that a mistake has somehow been made, and that he was in agreement with Cromwell in his desire for active measures.

If Col. Baldock had done nothing further than write the account of the battle of Marston Moor, his book would have been of no little value. It is the first time that this, in some respects the most important engagement of the whole war, has been clearly and accurately described. The old accounts are most confused, and such information as they afford has been rendered more obscure by the controversies which followed. The author has been able in a great measure to dispel the word-fog. He may not have seen every particular with absolute distinctness; it is, indeed, almost impossible to do so; but we feel sure that he is accurate on the whole. He has destroyed for ever the stupid notion that Cromwell showed either cowardice or sloth on that memorable day. To quote the whole account is unfortunately beyond our power; but here is a piece of the vivid picture:—

"By two o'clock the bulk of the forces on both sides had arrived on the field, but it was not till three or four that the opposing forces had completed their formations. The cannon opened on either side, but their fire had little effect. Young Walton, Cromwell's nephew, was one of the few struck. About five o'clock the useless cannonade ceased, and an ominous silence reigned on the field. It must have been an impressive sight. Forty-five thousand men stood facing one another, silent and motionless, breathlessly awaiting the signal for battle. The day was changeable. Drenching showers swept over the wild moor, and rattled on the tall rye-stalks where the Roundheads stood, soaking the buff coats and dragging the gay plumes of the Cavaliers, sprinkling the armour of Cromwell's Ironsides with red spots of rust. Then the sun would burst through the clouds, his rays glittering on raindrop and pikehead, on morion and breastplate, warming the bright hues of the horsemen's scarves, or of the colours fluttering above the ranks. Then the horses would toss their heads and shake the wet out of their manes, only to droop their crests and cower as the next squall swept down upon them. Lower and lower dropped the sun; longer and longer grew the shadows. Still the dense masses faced each other motionless; still the leaders on either side anxiously scanned the enemy, seeking to find a weak point or sign of wavering in his array. The ditch between the armies deterred either side from advancing. On the Parliamentary right, where Fairfax's horse stood, the ground was broken by hedgerows and furze bushes, and a narrow lane led across the ditch, here at its broadest. Both lane and ditch were lined with thick hedges, and Goring had placed musketeers in the intervals between his horse and in the hedges, to command the approach from the lane with their fire. Away towards the Royalist right, their foot, closing in towards their centre, had left a gap between themselves and Rupert's horse, opposite the left of Crawford's brigades. Rupert

and Newcastle met and discussed the situation. It was seven o'clock—too late to begin the action. The Roundheads were short of provisions, there was no water but that in puddles on their side, the wells near Marston had already been drunk dry. It would be better to rest and refresh their men, and attack the fasting enemy in the morning. Newcastle turned off to his coach to sup and sleep. Rupert to his, to solace his impatient temper with a pipe. Probably an order was passed through the ranks that the men might eat their suppers. But there were quick eager eyes watching every movement in the Royalist army from the corn-fields on the gentle slopes yonder. Scarcely had Rupert lit his pipe, when the well-known Puritan war-cry, the drawing chant of some old psalm tune, struck his ear. He looked round—the whole Puritan army was advancing!"

Equal care has been bestowed upon the other great battles of the war, but, with one exception, the contemporary narratives are far more clear; this is in some degree owing to the nature of the ground on which they were fought. Preston is the exception. The author has, there is no doubt, taken great pains with it, but it is not likely that the account he gives, though it is more lucid than that of his predecessors, will be found quite intelligible by those who have not an intimate knowledge of the country on and around which the fight took place.

The Irish campaign, which is so painful an episode in Cromwell's career, is very fairly treated. His conduct is explained, but not excused. The massacre of Irish Protestants had rankled in the mind of every Englishman for years. We now know that, terrible as the facts were, they had been much exaggerated by popular report; but Cromwell and his army, like almost every one else at the time, believed all they had heard, for it is demonstrable that the horrible details were received with ready credence on the Continent as well as in our own island. To take one instance—the Dutch raised by voluntary subscription the sum of 31,218*l.* for the relief of the survivors. This was a vast amount in those days. We may be quite sure that the careful burghers of the Netherlands would not have proved themselves so open-handed had not their feelings been deeply touched. After stating what took place, Col. Baldock says:

"Such was the famous storm of Drogheda. The refusal to give quarter is condemned by modern humanity. No quarter was given in the Secundrabad, and yet most Englishmen regard the fact with complacency, looking on the slaughter as an act of just retribution. More Protestants were massacred in 1641 than Englishmen were murdered in India in 1857, and if only a part of the stories then circulated in England were true, under even more horrible conditions. The well at Cawnpore was filled with the dead bodies of slaughtered women and children. The story ran in England that in Munster the rebels filled a quarry with both dead and living, and had left all to rot together."

The slaughter of English officers serving with the rebels in Ireland has frequently been dwelt upon as an especial enormity, as they could not have taken any part in the murders of 1641. No one ought to defend such acts, but it may be permissible to ask, What would have been the fate of English officers had they been found serving with the rebels during the Indian Mutiny?

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What Oliver did on these occasions was undoubtedly unjust as well as impolitic; but do those who represent him as bloodthirsty and naturally regardless of human suffering know what followed the suppression of the Rising in the North, and what were common practices on both sides during the religious wars on the Continent?

Col. Baldock rarely dwells on the personal characters of those with whom Cromwell was associated or to whom he was opposed. Sometimes, however, the force of circumstances is too much for him, as when he speaks of "debauched ruffians like Goring and Grenville, whose insubordination and orgies were imitated by their inferiors." This language is by no means too strong. Worse soldiers than Goring and Sir Richard Grenville it is not easy to conceive. It is strange that Charles, whose sympathies were undoubtedly on the side of the social proprieties, did not make an example of both of them. Such careers must have alienated from the king the sympathy of orderly people, especially when they contrasted the licence allowed to these reprobates with the hard fate dealt out to Col. Windebank for what was, after all, we may presume, but an error in judgment.

The author is not quite accurate when he says that Rainsborough "had originally been a sailor, but throughout the war commanded a regiment of foot on land." In June, 1643, he was serving in the fleet with the rank of vice-admiral, commanding a ship named the *Lyon*. He was employed in preventing Irish Royalists from landing on our coasts. While in the discharge of this duty he captured a ship containing two hundred Irishmen, which he took into Yarmouth.

On two occasions Col. Baldock refers to the Squire Papers. This is to be deplored, for we believe that there is no doubt whatever that they are modern forgeries.

Mr. Pike's is one of the books called into being by the three-hundredth anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth. It is impossible to compliment the author on the width or depth of his researches. It would certainly seem to have been written very hurriedly, and that the first materials to have been used that came to hand. Carlyle is a great authority with Mr. Pike. This is thus far well, but it would have been advisable to take into consideration the opinions of some at least of those who have held different views. Whether rightly or wrongly, there have been, and are, those who regard some of the great Protector's actions as, to say the least, open to question alike from a moral and a political standpoint. His character is really obscured, and therefore injured, by omitting almost all mention of those things in his career which have been most fiercely debated. The book abounds with short biographical notices of his more or less eminent contemporaries, some of which are fairly well done; but to say that "we sincerely believe Wentworth to have been a self-seeking renegade and traitor" shows a narrowness of view which is truly wonderful. It was not surprising that many of his opponents thought him so, but we had hoped that by this time all persons who take interest in historical questions would realize that there is a great deal to be said even for those who took the views of the

royal prerogative which are most antagonistic to the current opinions of the Victorian era. Again, it is most unjust to the memory of Lord Fairfax to say that he "failed in the hour of need" because he threw up his commission rather than invade Scotland. He may, very possibly, have been mistaken in this action, but there can be no doubt that he acted from the noble desire to respect the independence of the sister kingdom, even when her attitude had become dangerously threatening. Mr. Pike's volume will probably find its way into village lending libraries, and may do good there, but it will be of little service elsewhere, as there are very few references and no index.

'The Two Protectors' is a very pretty and interesting book. As a mere chronicle of the times it adds little to our knowledge; but the plates are many of them of value. Sir Richard Tangye must have a most curious collection of Cromwellian relics, and we ought to be grateful to him for having a selection from them so carefully reproduced. Among the manuscripts in his possession is a collection of nearly two hundred documents relating to the siege of Pontefract Castle, and among them are several letters written by Oliver. Two are here reproduced which, as Sir Richard says, "bear eloquent witness to his kindness of heart when appealed to on behalf of the sick and suffering."

Sir Richard also possesses a manuscript journal of Oliver's House of Lords, the only one, it is believed, in existence. This journal is, the author says, "evidently the clerk's rough copy"; as no fair copy is known, it may be that one was never made, or some of those who sat therein may have felt it highly expedient to destroy it ere the monarchy was restored. It must be a volume of historical importance. One may express a hope that it may some day be printed in full.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Market-Place.* By Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)

THE second posthumous novel of Mr. Frederic includes three characters from 'Gloria Mundi,' published immediately after his death—Lady Cressage and the Duke and Duchess—and also contains Celia Madden from 'Illumination.' The hero is a piratical company promoter. The opening scene is fine, and so is one near the end of the book, where he realizes his disappointment at the result of his success—the dull life of an English country gentleman not trained to the position. The book as a whole is somewhat of a disappointment, with none of the marvellous vigour of 'Illumination,' and less than the interest of 'Gloria Mundi.' There is a curious mistake in modern history in the suggestion that the House of Lords yielded upon the abolition of the purchase system. Lady Plowden tells us that if anything could have kept the House of Lords firm in face of Radical outcry it would have been her husband's speeches; but the House of Lords was firm on that occasion, and it will be remembered that purchase was abolished—after the failure in the Lords of a Bill which had passed the Commons—by Royal Warrant, and that Mr. Gladstone was attacked by Prof. Fawcett (a

supporter of the Bill) for the mode in which the controversy was allowed to terminate. Although 'The Market-Place' is inferior to 'Illumination,' it is a thoroughly readable book, and no fault can be found with its publication. We do not know whether it was left complete by Mr. Harold Frederic, or has been finished by some dexterous pen.

'Postle Farm. By George Ford. (Blackwood & Sons.)

'THE LARRAMYS' was a fine novel, whose power and delicate penetration were only occasionally marred by certain crudities and exaggerations. It is impossible not to measure "George Ford's" work by the high standard set therein, and in so doing 'Postle Farm' undoubtedly suffers, for the author's weaknesses—a tendency to exaggerated violence and melodramatic situations—are unfortunately more noticeable here than are the imaginative power and brilliancy which distinguished her other romance of a Devonshire farm. The present heroine raises herself gradually, by pure force of character and hereditary instincts, above the lowly conditions to which the crime of others has condemned her from her infancy; and in her single-handed fight with circumstances she is often an impressive figure, more especially in the first and most successful portion of her story. "Cathie" loses much of her force and reality as complications deepen around her, when she and fate together drag the wild rustic maiden upwards towards the social level to which her birth really entitles her. The other personages are but shadowy, with the occasional exception of "Granfer" and the cowardly savage "Miah." There is atmosphere, as before, in the descriptions of Devonshire farm life, and the story shows power, though not equal in quality to its brilliant predecessor.

*Morgan Hailsham.* By F. C. Constable. (Grant Richards.)

THERE is an alternative title to this story, expressed in the words "or a Curious Month." The curiosity in question consists in a clever plot, whereby a respectable lady and gentleman, their friends, lawyers, and others are made to think that a certain marriage is invalid. We will not describe the plot more in detail; it is ingenious and well worked out. After a scrambling and confused start the story settles down into a tolerable narrative, written in an affected style popular with a certain group of writers and readers, but hardly attractive. We might quote numerous passages to illustrate this view, and many expressions—such as "gentle beseechment"—which favour the same opinion. The book is quite up to the average of the author's work.

*The Failure of the Wanderer.* By Charles E. Denny. (Constable & Co.)

IF Mr. Watts-Dunton is Anchises, Mr. Denny is Ascanius who follows *haud passibus aequis*. Unintentionally or not, there is a resemblance in subject between 'The Failure of the Wanderer' and 'Aylwin.' But Mr. Denny writes diffusely, and with a want of restraint that is fatal to his book. He fills it with rhapsodies and apostrophes, and goes far beyond the limits of romance.

His composition is weak and his grammar is worse. In one sentence we counted nine semicolons; in another, an abnormal number of hyphens. It is a long, rambling narrative, depicting a poor and uninteresting character, referred to invariably as the Wanderer, who brings trouble to all whom he meets. At an early stage of the story we notice that there is said to be a part of England where rhododendrons and hollyhocks are in bloom at the same time.

*The Experience of Dorothy Leigh.* By Frances Home. (Routledge & Sons.)

ONE-HALF of this volume would serve as a guide and a warning to young ladies who are intent on entering a hospital to learn nursing. The other half is an essay on the possibilities of reforming habitual drunkards. The same names appear in both portions of the story, which is, however, broken in two at the point where one begins and the other leaves off. But apart from the form of the volume the contents are clever and interesting. In spite of its obvious disadvantages it contains some very good reading. There is a pretty sense of humour and some good composition; while here and there a very effective scene is arrived at. We regard the book as one that is well worth reading. It is at all events superior to another by the same hand which was well received at the time of its publication.

*Peter Binney, Undergraduate.* By Archibald Marshall. (Bowden.)

UNDERGRADUATES do not usually marry, or die, or do anything particularly striking. The attempts that have been made to convey to readers the hallowed status of don, won by the hero after impossible degrees, have not been of any great interest. Mr. Marshall creates his sensation with a business man of forty-five, whom he sends to Trinity, Cambridge, at the same time as his son, an Etonian. The elder man is badly "ragged," inhales rowdiness from what are known as "football bloods," and does some coxing; his son is much worried, but finally gets a rowing blue and a wife out of Newnham. The book is decidedly slight, and there is a good deal about Mr. Binney's London and Nonconformist friends in it; but we are able to praise warmly the Cambridge scenes. Mr. Marshall is, we think, a Trinity man, and knows how to describe the trivial undergraduate better than any novelist of recent years. Members of Trinity, perhaps, need still occasionally to be reminded that the occupants of the small colleges are also God's creatures. This is well conveyed in this easy narrative.

*Alfred the Great.* By Several Writers. (Black.)

IN a preface by the Mayor of Winchester to this little volume we are told that its purpose is to spread "as widely as possible public knowledge of the king's life and work," and that it is, therefore, introductory to a fuller study of his reign. A formidable array of names, however, figures on the title-page, although we do not find among the contributors, as one might have expected, the names of Prof. York Powell and Mr. W. H. Stevenson.

'The Spotless King,' by the Poet Laureate, with which the volume opens, strikes one as singularly weak; but Sir Walter Besant's Introduction, which follows, is a capital specimen of a popular paper at once interesting and competent. The point on which he insists is that Alfred's "work was permanent because it was established on the national character"; "his code of laws," in Sir Walter's view, was "the outcome of national character." From this it is but a step to claim him as "the typical man of our race," a claim, it will be remembered, advanced by Mr. Gardiner for Cromwell. The most brilliant essay, however, in the book is 'Alfred as King,' by Mr. Frederic Harrison. For him "the life work of the Great Alfred has had a continuity, an organic development, a moral, intellectual, and spiritual majesty which has no parallel or rival among rulers in the annals of mankind." From this it will be seen that Mr. Harrison writes in his superlative mood. This becomes actually misleading when he is led to assert,

"Nor has any king or Cæsar a record of ancestry which can compare with that of the Royal Lady who through thirty-two generations traces her lineal descent to the Hero-King of Wessex,"

for, whoever may be Alfred's heir in blood, the sovereigns of this realm have only an accidental descent from him in common with thousands of their subjects (and many in other lands), and in no way derive from him their right.

The difficulty of saying anything new on so well-worn a theme as Alfred leads one to welcome the papers of Sir Clements Markham on 'Alfred as Geographer,' and of Prof. Earle on 'Alfred as a Literary Man.' The contents of the former probably will come as a surprise to most people, and be found of considerable interest, though its author pleads somewhat obtrusively the cause of Arctic exploration. Prof. Earle contrives to give us some real information on Alfred's literary work, and has the advantage of his colleagues in being able to speak more positively on Alfred's visit to Rome as a child. The Bishop of Bristol discourses at considerable length on Alfred "as religious man and educationalist," and advances the view, on various grounds, that "Alfred took a broad view on religious questions." The mention in 871 of "the Earl of Berkshire" suggests that even in the English peerage the bishop can detect a "continuity" hitherto unsuspected. In the remaining papers Mr. Charles Oman deals with 'Alfred as a Warrior'; Mr. Loftie with 'Alfred and the Arts'; and Sir Frederick Pollock with 'English Law before the Norman Conquest.' With this last contribution Alfred has but little to do; and one would rather have had an essay on Alfred's code of laws and the terms of his peace with Guthrum, for both of which Prof. Liebermann has now provided a perfect text.

The book is "edited" by the Mayor of Winchester, who explains that it was "necessary to restrict its scope." Such a team of writers, however, as this requires a strong controlling hand, if only to avoid repetition. The passage, for instance, from Alfred's works which figures on the title-page is quoted in full by no fewer than

four of the contributors, whose variant renderings it is interesting to compare. Two of them, moreover, print their independent versions of the king's letter to his bishops as sent to Worcester. Nor are these repetitions confined to different writers: Mr. Frederic Harrison tells his readers in three different places that Alfred sent for Frisians to man his fleet, and Mr. Oman twice tells us of the wreck of the Danish galleys in the Channel. But doubtless, with so limited a field, some repetition was unavoidable. The book as a whole can hardly fail to attain its avowed object, that of awakening a wider interest in the king and the work of his life. By a happy thought, the cover bears a successful representation of the famous Alfred jewel now at Oxford.

#### BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

WE do not hesitate to pronounce *In the Australian Bush*, by Richard Semon (Macmillan & Co.), one of the most interesting, and at the same time most instructive books of travel recently presented to the public. It is the work of a learned German professor, the main object of whose travels was of a strictly scientific nature, but who had an open ear for all he heard and open eye for all he saw, and a power of discrimination to correct any false impressions that might have been conveyed to either. In many respects his volume may be likened to Wallace's 'Malay Archipelago,' many a reader of which has been seduced into following the author's footsteps, and tasting that "king of fruits," the evil-smelling durian, which he so eloquently eulogizes. Prof. Semon's natural history is of a popular type, but it is science popularized by a master of the subject, who at the same time is a man of sentiment. His accounts of the fauna and flora of the regions he visited contrast most favourably with the vague and vapid descriptions met with in many books of travel. The subjects of investigation which kept our author busily engaged during two visits to the Burnett river in Queensland, extending altogether over eight months, were the oviparous mammals, the marsupials, and that wonderful lung-breathing fish, *Ceratodus forsteri*, or Burnett salmon, formerly found in all parts of the world, and now surviving only in two rivers of Queensland. His readers will follow with rapt attention every step he took in his difficult investigation, and will read with delight that his patient labour was ultimately rewarded by his revelation of all stages of development of *Ceratodus*. This success, as he freely acknowledges, is largely due to the help of his Queensland friends, and especially of Mr. W. F. M'Cord, of Coonambula. His extended stay in the bush enables Prof. Semon to present us with a most attractive picture of bush life and a sympathetic account of the natives, with whom he spent many a day hunting. Native Queenslanders and Dravidians, he conceives, have sprung from a common branch of the human race, "and as the Caucasians have undoubtedly sprung from the Dravidians, we may look upon the low Australian natives as more nearly allied to us than are the comparatively civilized Malays, Mongols, and Negroes."

The interval between his two visits to Queensland was spent by the author in Torres Strait and British New Guinea. He speaks in terms of praise of Sir W. Macgregor's policy, in accordance with which the interests of science and the welfare of the natives are of greater importance than the immediate economic "development" of the country from a purely mercenary point of view. On his homeward journey the author spent some time in Celebes, the Moluccas, at Amboyna, and at Banda. He agrees with Max Weber that the fauna of Celebes is not Australian, but an impoverished



Oriental one, showing an Australian admixture. The numerous illustrations leave nothing to be desired; but the author's routes ought to have been indicated upon the maps given.

*Through Arctic Lapland*, by Cutcliffe Hyne (Black), is an entertaining and instructive book, capably illustrated by Mr. Cecil Hayter, but we very much doubt whether its perusal will tempt many of its readers to follow in the author's footsteps. Landing in July on the Waranger Fiord, he crossed Finnish Lapland in midsummer to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Mosquitoes met him on landing, and stuck to him to the last. "Mile after mile" he passed through spongy morasses "seamed by rivulet and smeared by stagnant ponds." The people were as unattractive as the land, and even the fair sex found so little favour in his eyes that he speaks of one woman as "gratuitously ugly," and likens another, on account of her figure, to a "cornsack, well filled and stamped down." The men, as a matter of course, are even worse; and from all this the author concludes that "the spirit which fosters aborigines' protection societies can only exist at a considerable distance from the aborigines." Beds were few and far between, and the food—mostly rye-cake as hard as a rock and stinking fish—did not even prove "acceptable to a fox terrier of lusty appetite." Last of all, the bears which our author had expected to shoot (in midsummer!) proved mostly "legendary"; and we do not wonder, in all these distressing circumstances, that at times he "wished most heartily that he had never set foot in so detestable a country."

*Under the African Sun*, by Dr. W. J. Ansorge (Heinemann), can be warmly recommended to the general reader who desires to learn something about the country crossed between Mombasa and Uganda, and about Uganda itself, but is almost certain to disappoint the student who takes up a bulky volume of this kind in the hope of obtaining information of a precise and definite nature. The author has traversed the country between the coast and the Victoria Nyanza no less than six times—for the first time in 1894, when "not a few hardships and dangers had to be faced, where the journey now has become comparatively a pleasure trip"; he has spent nearly a year in Unyoro, and has crossed Lake Albert into the country of the Lur. Yet he has nothing new to tell us about the numerous tribes he met with, and anthropologists will search his volume in vain for such measurements as one looks for, almost as a matter of right, from a medical man. Nay, occasionally his statements are obviously erroneous, as when he tells us that the natives of Kavirondo are of one race and one language, when, as a matter of fact, some of the tribes of that district are Bantu, whilst others are the kinsmen of the Shiluk. The Sudanese, we are told, "have proved that they are made of the right fighting stuff, that they possess the two indispensable qualities of obedience and courage, and that they are eminently suited for the purpose for which Lugard selected them"; yet these much-praised people mutiny "from general discontent, due to some apparently trivial causes." The reader will search in vain for a definite statement of what these "trivial causes" were. Equally vain will be his search for information on the hygienic conditions of Uganda, the commercial resources and prospects of the country, and the relations between the Protestant and Catholic missionaries. On the other hand, he will find a full and highly interesting account of the author's successes as a sportsman and collector of natural history specimens. These latter include a new rodent, four new species of birds, and nearly fifty of moths and butterflies, all of which are described in appendices by specialists. The illustrations are numerous, and to a large extent acceptable; a sketch-map will, however, be missed by the reader.

*The West Indies*, by Amos Kidder Fiske (Putnam's Sons), very fairly fulfils and justifies its second title, viz., 'A History of the Islands of the West Indian Archipelago, together with an Account of their Physical Characteristics, Natural Resources, and Present Condition.' If some of the statistics supplied are of the gazetteer order, and consequently rather dry reading, they seem to have been carefully compiled, and are useful for reference. The history of the political vicissitudes, long so varied and exciting, of the different islands, and the contrasts drawn between their past and present condition, will be found more generally interesting. It may well be that the author, in compiling his account of these—as he calls them—"American islands," has in mind that by the recent change in the destinies of Cuba one-half of their entire area has become "American" in a more immediately practical sense than the physico-geographical. Of the probable resources of this great island, containing some 48,000 square miles, comparatively little is known. The minerals have not been surveyed, and whereas not more than one-fifth is unfit for agriculture, one-half the area is still unbroken jungle. Meanwhile, whatever the misdoings of the Spaniards in the past, it is only just, the author says, to record that their treatment of the negroes has been more humane, and more successful, than that of the English or the French; the chief reason being that there was an extensive emigration from Spain of genuine colonists, the bulk of whom, being small cultivators, felt no contempt for the negroes in a like position, while their numbers gave security. The Romish priests, too, admitted a responsibility for the negro souls, which the English clergy frequently did not. At all events, in Cuba, Mr. Fiske asserts, the labour difficulty has always been practically non-existent. He speaks with some hesitation as to the causes of the decline of the British West Indian islands, though he places prominently among them the paucity of the white population, absenteeism, and the slowness to adopt new industries or cultures when the sugar-cane became unprofitable. As an instance of what might have been done he points to the little Quaker establishment of the lime-juice industry at Montserrat. At Martinique, indeed, as becomes the early home of the *Veuve Scarron* and of Josephine, a French strain in the blood creates a social brightness and fascination, contrasting with the decayed condition of such places as Charlestown, Nevis, once the abode of much prosperity and comfort. At Charlestown, as Mr. Fiske records twice over, Nelson married the "widow Nisbet," from whom, as he further recalls, he was "lured away by the brazen attractions of that aristocratic huzzy Lady Hamilton." Query, Why or in what sense "aristocratic"? Our administration of our West Indian possessions shows, according to Mr. Fiske, that we have not yet attained the lofty American belief in the equality of the black and white races, and we may possibly, therefore, be invited some day to retire in favour of more enlightened successors; but the condition of the only two instances in the West Indies of negro self-government which he is able to quote—viz., Haiti and Santo Domingo—hardly advances his position much. He entertains a quaint objection to scientific terms of the simplest description: "Climate has much to do with what the scientific people call the flora and fauna of the country, or in plain terms with its plants and animals." This explains, probably, his classification of birds as "waterfowl" and "birds of the air"; while the insects in different islands are variously described as "objectionable," "noxious," or having "unpleasant ways." However, most people will be satisfied with these entomological generalities. The "Lord Abercrombie" he mentions as commanding in 1797 is no doubt General—afterwards Sir Ralph—Abercromby; the "Duke of

Cumberland" who harried Puerto Rico in 1598 was George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, a naval commander of the type of his comrade Drake.

*The Great Salt Lake Trail* is the joint production of two colonels, Henry Inman and William F. Cody (Macmillan & Co.). We couple with it another book by Col. Inman, not yet noticed, which the same publishers gave to the world a few months ago, entitled *The Old Santa Fé Trail*. This work is dedicated to the Hon. William F. Cody. Both have this in common, that they are out of proportion to their subjects. A much smaller book on the 'Santa Fé Trail,' by Mr. Hayes, was published in 1881, and, as we said at that time, contained all that was worthy of record. Col. Inman has added new personal details, but we are doubtful as to their accuracy. He may be trustworthy when writing in his own person, yet the many pages professing to reproduce the words of others are not adequately vouched for. They do not even appear as extracts from diaries. What is true of the book by Col. Inman is equally true of the one in which Col. Cody (otherwise known as "Buffalo Bill") is his partner. The value of such a work as either depends wholly upon the unimpeachable nature of the facts, or the statements put forward as such. Many circumstances of an historic character are dealt with, and neither author could have been personally cognizant of them all. At the foot of p. 123 of 'The Great Salt Lake Trail' it is stated that, as regards certain occurrences in Utah, "the authors of this volume quote freely from Bancroft, Senate and House Documents of the Thirty-third Congress, as well as reports of the War Department." On p. 144 we turn to the authority for an elaborate account of the execution of Joe Lee, and find, "See Bancroft's 'Pacific States,'" and on p. 323 the reader is referred to "Bancroft" simply. Now many who are versed in American literature will naturally think George Bancroft to be the writer in question; he was an historian of eminence despite his prejudices; but the man to whom Cols. Inman and Cody refer is Hubert Howe Bancroft, who employed many writers to compile a work which extends to many volumes and lacks both authority and literary form. To give Bancroft as a reference without qualification or naming a specific volume and page is to tantalize, without helping the painstaking reader. Many modern books have been written which Cols. Inman and Cody would have found instructive. Their pages contain much about the Mormons, but they are neither explicit nor detailed enough. More minute and trustworthy information is to be found in the well-known and authoritative works of Burton, Hepworth Dixon, and Sir Charles Dilke. The Mormon secret police called Danites had Porter Rockwell as a leader; but he is not even named by Cols. Inman and Cody, while some of Joe Smith's exploits as a leader of the Danites are carefully chronicled. Col. Cody says on p. 427 that he had as an assistant T. B. Omohundro, better known as "Texas Jack." The writer of these lines knew Texas Jack and finds it difficult to believe all the achievements of such men as he, excepting as regards story-telling. One of the most interesting things in the book is the portrait on p. 376 of Red Cloud, an Indian chief. If the name had not been added, we should have fancied it represented Mr. Asquith in the disguise of an Indian.

Parts of *Hawaii Nei*, by Mabel Clare Craft (San Francisco, Doherty), have already appeared in American newspapers: a sign, doubtless, of the increasing interest naturally felt in the United States in Hawaiian affairs. The author is keenly alive to the rapid disappearance of the picturesque elements in Hawaiian life; she confesses herself to have succumbed entirely to the spell induced by the languorous climate, the beauty—which she declares to be unique—

of the landscape, and the singular amiability of the people. Of the native character she supplies a discriminating analysis, mentioning, as a specially regrettable result of the increasing preponderance of Americans in the island society, that these are introducing the sense of the essential inferiority of the darker race to the white. Hitherto all such feeling has been entirely non-existent, the blood of the Hawaiian kings being admittedly at least as blue as that of the American missionaries; and she represents the natives as being sensitive to the change. The society and the scenery of the islands have, however, been a frequent source of enthusiastic comment. The special interest of the book lies in the fact that the writer's stay in the islands coincided with the last days of the "republic," and the annexation to the United States. Of the character of these transactions, the handiwork of "the white oligarchy, which seventy years ago was a hungry missionary band," she does not conceal her opinion: "The looting of the Hawaiian monarchy by a few Americans was a sort of successful Jameson raid, and not an exploit over which any American need thrill with pride." And the subsequent annexation was "the culmination of an injustice that amounted to crime." The annexation ceremonial was, as she describes it, amid the grief of the few natives obliged to attend, and the total abstention of the rest, a sorry spectacle, of which the chief performers felt more than half ashamed. She describes, too, more than one pathetic and striking scene indicative of the devotion of the people to their Queen Liliuokalani, their picturesque primitive customs mingling strangely with the surroundings of European luxury.

A book on India entirely descriptive, and containing no single reference to politics or to social condition, is, in translation, a bold experiment. The French, with their love of style, can stand a whole volume by Loti or his imitators, yet even Loti occasionally relieves his descriptions by some touch of philosophy, if not of more mundane matters. Prince Bojidar Karageorgievitch, in his *Enchanted India*, translated by Clara Bell, and published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, gives us no such relief; but his book is, nevertheless, attractive. Some may complain that even of the towns he visits he gives no complete description, omitting some of the most beautiful of buildings wholly from his pages. He treats India as an artist and a poet, and not as the compiler even of an art guide-book. There are so many books of the irritatingly wrong kind that this series of pictures, incomplete though they be, comes to us as a relief. The plague and the famine figure as artistic incidents. The most beautiful of the mosques of India is forgotten, though two other beautiful buildings in the same city are described at length. In the pictures of Chandernagore the unlearned reader will only discover incidentally, and towards the end, that he looks at French India. He is not told it in so many words; and he must not complain or wonder, any more than when he finds that this suburb of Calcutta has five pages given to it out of six which, being included under the heading of 'Calcutta,' appear to be devoted to the capital of India.

In his account of the north-western frontier Prince Karageorgievitch describes a tomb of a saint which grew in length day by day "till the English authorities had to interfere and place a guard of soldiers to check the encroachment of the tumulus on the high road." This is true, but not unusual, and many roads in the Punjab have had to be diverted to allow of the enlargement of tombs which have become places of pilgrimage. It is only when it is a question of the military roads or roads under the control of municipalities in cantonments that anybody takes much trouble to observe the straight line and the proper width. A curious chapter upon saints' tombs in India might have been written

on the text of the recent difficulty about the Mahdi's grave.

Evidently, artistically considered, the dispossessed royal family of Serbia are superior to the Obrenovitch dynasty which has supplanted them.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY.

*Longinus on the Sublime.* By W. Rhys Roberts. (Cambridge, University Press.)—For more than sixty years English scholars have conspired to neglect the once famous treatise 'On the Sublime,' and the work which Prof. Roberts has done certainly needed doing. The scope of his edition may be gathered from the title-page: it includes "the Greek text edited after the Paris manuscript, with introduction, translation, facsimiles, and appendices." In the introduction we find a full and judicious discussion of the vexed question of authorship. The scanty evidence at present available, both internal and external, is carefully weighed, and the conclusion is drawn that, although the personality of the author cannot be identified, the treatise belongs to the age of Tacitus rather than to that of the historical Longinus. In the present state of the evidence it is certainly rash to attempt to identify the *auctor ignotus*; and when Vaucher, for example, claims the work for Plutarch, he is forced to resort to extremes of ingenuity. Prof. Roberts's translation, also, is well done, being lucid as well as literal; and those who sympathize with Gibbon's complaint that "the Greek is, from the figurative style and bold metaphors, extremely difficult" will not fail to appreciate the present version. The quotations from the poets are given in the spirited renderings of Mr. A. S. Way. For the text our editor adheres closely to the Paris MS., variations being carefully recorded in foot-notes. In his attitude towards conjectural restorations he is conservative, and rightly so, on the whole. Yet there are some hard places in Longinus which need treatment by some less cautious hand. For example, the comment (p. 182) on σκώμματα οὐκ ἀμυνοντα.....ἀλλ' ἐπικείμενα throws no new light on that obscure phrase; and the same complaint must be made against such vague and disappointing notes as those on παραληφθεῖσα (p. 178) and on βάθος (p. 195). With regard to the last of these, it is possible, surely, to decide whether the word means "bathos" or "profundity" in the phrase εἰς τὴν ὕψους τῆς ἰσθμῶς βάθος τέχνη; and it is absurd to cite "Martinus Scriblerus *περὶ βάθους*" as an argument one way or the other. It is also a sign of a cautious rather than brilliant editor to leave in the text such a collocation as μετὰ γλυκύτητος ἢ δὲ λιτῶς ἐφηγούμενον (xxxiv. 2); although Prof. Tucker's εἰδωλικοῦς is possibly too good to be true. Another place which Prof. Roberts has failed to clear up successfully is xxxv. 4 (αὐτοῦ μόνου...πυρός); and what he has to say about it is vexatiously divided between p. 183 and p. 238. The place of a continuous commentary is partly supplied by the mass of information sorted out in the appendices, of which there are four—textual, linguistic, literary, and bibliographical. The linguistic appendix contains some interesting details on the affinities of 'The Sublime' with Plato, Plutarch, and Philo, as well as a most useful glossary of rhetorical terms. In the literary appendix there is a good deal of what seems superfluous matter, for which a reference to any classical dictionary might have sufficed. Prof. Roberts might have spared himself the trouble of recording the dates of such people as Æschylus and Sophocles and Cicero; or if he had to be so minutely exhaustive, he ought to have added to his list the birthday of Moses, who was, as Longinus tells us, "no ordinary man." The fourth appendix gives a full review of the literature of the treatise, with some interesting remarks on its

influence in the days of Boileau and Pope. Prof. Roberts evidently has a hearty admiration for 'The Sublime' as an essay in criticism, and it is much to be wished that his edition may revive the interest of modern critics in the work: if only for the golden sentence ὅπως μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα, it deserves to be kept in continual remembrance. We have observed only a few slips in revision: φῶς, p. 130 (foot-note); ii. 1 for ii. 3 (p. 211, l. 5); ii. 2 for xi. 2 (s.v. ἐπὶ ῥωσῖς, p. 277). The date of D. B. Hickie's edition cannot be both 1836, as on p. vii, and 1838, as on p. 252.

*Dizionario di Abbreviature, Latine ed Italiane.* Per cura di Adriano Capelli. (Milan, Hoepli.)

—A few years ago the publication of a dictionary of the abbreviations found in the ancient manuscripts preserved in Italian archives, illustrated by reproductions in facsimile, would have possessed something more than a national interest and importance. Students of paleography have, however, become accustomed to this luxurious method of study since the success of M. Maurice Prou's 'Manuel de Paléographie' set the fashion for the exact reproduction by lithography of symbols which in earlier works were represented by transcriptions in record type. To English students these excellent continental works will, however, be chiefly useful in connexion with visits to the Archives Nationales or to the Vatican, for the handwriting and the forms of contraction are alike foreign to the characteristics of the English *scriptorium*, and the use of such a work for the study of purely English paleography might encourage those fanciful identifications which are the chief source of danger to the beginner. On the other hand, the introductory portion of the present work will probably be found of real value and interest to all students of the scientific theory of the paleography of Latin manuscripts. We notice here that the author follows the convenient practice—lately established, and certainly well adapted for the instruction of beginners—of discarding record type in favour of a single straight line above the contracted word, in the place of conventional signs which are not usually found in the manuscript itself.

#### SHORT STORIES.

Mlle. de BOVET is one of the ablest living writers of short stories, but as she writes a good deal for *La Vie Parisienne*, some of her stories are not quite fit for presentation in general company. Those which are collected in *Marionnettes*, published by Alphonse Lemerre, are not all of them of the nature at which we hint. One called 'Chassé-croisé' agreeably relates how a young mother proposes to marry her daughter to the aide-de-camp of a distinguished general, and the daughter, with much perspicacity, discovers that the aide-de-camp will suit her mother as a second husband as well as the general will suit herself as a first. Mlle. de Bovet's *Vie Parisienne* stories are frequently distinguished by a literary power which is perhaps unnecessary in that publication, and which is certainly absent in the rival tales of others, but pleasant to the cultivated reader.

The house of Calmann Lévy publishes *Passage de Bédouins*, by Myriam Harry, a volume of short stories, the scene of which is laid partly in the desert and partly at Jerusalem. The author has evidently witnessed the scenes described, and the style is excellent, though slightly marred to old-fashioned critics by the modern affectation of placing the adjective after the noun for variety. There is a certain sameness about the stories.

The first of two tales of nearly equal length gives its title to a volume called *A Marital Liability*, by Elizabeth Phipps Train (Ward, Lock & Co.). Both are essentially sketches of life in New York or in its vicinity; both show careful writing, and both fail to interest the

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reader to any great extent. The first is to be preferred, as showing more successful composition, though it deals with the history of a lady who has little to her credit as daughter, wife, or mother. Her husband voluntarily incurs a sentence of ten years' penal servitude rather than allow it to be proved that she had swindled her father. In both stories there is a great deal that is forced and unnatural, though both are quite capable of having some foundation in fact. It is, however, noticeable that both should show that the writing is that of a student of English literature, composition, and phraseology. The author is already known to readers of fiction as having written 'A Social Highwayman' and other volumes. Her latest publication is illustrated with reproductions of good drawings. We cannot speak highly of the pictorial covers with which the volume is provided.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MR. SIDNEY WHITMAN is responsible for a condensed English edition, in a single volume, of the well-known *Reminiscences of the King of Roumania*, now published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The *Athenæum* has frequently alluded to the fact that much light was thrown upon the origin of the Franco-German war by the King of Roumania's memoirs as published in German at Stuttgart. Mr. Whitman gives in his English version the salient passages, which, as they had not been previously translated into English or much quoted here, will be almost new to English readers. The King states in them that on September 17th, 1869, the delegate of the Cortes arrived to offer to a Hohenzollern prince the crown of Spain, but that the idea was not at that time new, as there had been much mention in October, 1868, of the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. The King further states that in the winter of 1869-70 the question of the Spanish throne appeared to have been satisfactorily dismissed, "to judge from a letter from Count Bismarck," saying that the political horizon is unclouded, and that "there is nothing of interest to report, and I only hope that no unexpected event will render the lately arisen hope of universal peace questionable." On March 1st, however, it was known in Roumania that a Spanish delegate had been dispatched to Berlin to urge once more on Prince Leopold the acceptance of the Spanish crown, which he intended to refuse, "unless it was considered absolutely necessary to the interests of the Prussian state." On March 16th Prince Leopold informed the King of Prussia "that he felt compelled to decline the offer; but as Bismarck still insisted on the throne being accepted by a Hohenzollern, his younger brother, Prince Frederick, was recalled from Italy by telegram to take the place of his brother. The young prince, however, also refused to accept the offered crown unless ordered to do so by the King. Nevertheless, in spite of opposition, the Chancellor persisted in declaring that the necessities of politics demanded that a Hohenzollern prince should accede to the wish of the Spanish Regency."

A letter from Prince Charles Anthony, dated Berlin, March 20th, describes the importance of "the acceptance or refusal of the Spanish crown by Leopold, which was offered officially by the Spanish Government, though under the seal of a European State secret. This question preoccupies everybody here. Bismarck wishes it to be accepted for dynastic and political reasons; whilst the King asks whether Leopold will willingly accept the summons. A very interesting and important council took place on the 15th, under the presidency of the King, the Crown Prince, ourselves, Bismarck, Roon, Moltke [and others] being present. The unanimous decision of the councillors was in favour of acceptance, as fulfilling a Prussian patriotic duty. For many reasons Leopold, after a long struggle, declined..... But all this is in the future, and the secret must be preserved for the present."

Prince Charles Anthony (the father of the King of Roumania), writing again from Berlin, April 22nd, says:—

"The Spanish Question has again brought me here; it is now approaching its decisive stage.

After Leopold refused the offer for weighty reasons, the candidature of Fritz was seriously taken in hand..... If the King had given the order at the last hour, Fritz would have obeyed; but as he was left free to decide, he resolved not to undertake the task..... The Spanish secret has been kept wonderfully well; and it is of the utmost importance that it should remain unknown in the future."

In May the King's father again wrote:—

"Bismarck is very discontented with the failure of the Spanish combination. He is not wrong! Still, the matter is not yet completely given up."

The matter is finally disposed of by the acceptance of Prince Leopold, "as he had become convinced of the great services which he could thus render to his Fatherland," the acceptance reaching Madrid on June 23rd. It was not till July 3rd that the candidature was announced in Paris, when it will be remembered that the Prussian Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs replied that the matter was a purely family business for the princes of Hohenzollern, and did not concern Prussia. The revelations of the King of Roumania were absolutely fatal to the Bismarck story of the time. They were published many years ago, and yet gentlemen like Mr. William Jacks are to be found who go on repeating the original Prussian statements, which no living man in Prussia now believes. The translations of Mr. Sidney Whitman show him to be a competent German scholar.

*The Open Road* (Grant Richards) is a little anthology compiled by E. V. Lucas for the use of "wayfarers," which means, in less elegant English, bicyclists, walkers, cricketers, &c., who escape into the country from the toils of town. It is especially for city men, though those who live always in sight of green may well like it too. The idea is good, and so is the get-up, only the volume should be shorter by half an inch to go into the pocket with comfort. The selection, which includes some capital pieces by living hands, is novel in introducing snippets of prose as well as verse. The former are often too short to be satisfying. Since various pieces of the 'Compleat Angler' are utilized, it is surprising to find "Come live with me" and Raleigh's 'Answer' omitted, as they might have been introduced with Walton's exquisite prose setting. Another highly suitable piece which one misses is Thomas Randolph's 'Ode to Master Anthony to hasten him into the Country,' entreating him to "leave the chargeable noise of this great town." But gratitude is due for many good things, especially by living poets like Mr. Yeats and Mr. Watson. Why does not Mr. Lucas sign what are presumably his own pieces? Mr. Hyde's "endpapers" are pleasing in a decorative, fantastic way; but why add these luxuries and forget a plain convenience like an index of first lines? In a second edition Mr. Lucas should correct a wrong adjective in one of the best-known lines of 'The Scholar-Gipsy.'

*The Political Struwwelpeter*, by Mr. Harold Begbie, illustrated by Mr. F. C. Gould, and published by Mr. Grant Richards, is too strictly political to be much in our line, but too extremely funny to be neglected by us. Better caricature has seldom been seen, and among so many excellent burlesques it is difficult to choose the best.

MR. SIDNEY CROSSLEY is responsible for *Pleasure and Leisure Boating: a Practical Handbook*, published by Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., than which nothing can be better, and which may be strongly recommended to all users of the Thames—the chapter upon "Steering" especially. The author is not a riparian proprietor, so far as we know, but he addresses his fellow Thames-users sternly upon their horrible practices:—

"When picnicking.....be careful to keep..... empty bottles, pieces of paper, &c., in the boat. There is little to choose between the vulgarity of leaving such things strewn about on the bank or the stupidity of casting them into the water, to float down stream, and become an eyesore to others."

The author himself gives in an appendix the Conservancy by-laws, under which the plucking of flowers, and the casting of paper, bottles, bottle-covers, and so forth into the river, are offences. But even he is not perfect, for he says, "that I may kill a week in absolute idleness, and throw cigar-ends into Father Thames." We wish to point out to him that he is properly liable to a fine of 10l. in the case of each cigar-end.

MESSRS. METHUEN are issuing a series of new novels at sixpence each instead of six shillings. *Jennie Baxter, Journalist*, by Robert Barr, is the second of these experiments, and is a creditable and appropriate production. We take it that any one who wishes to make a permanent addition to his library is not expected to limit himself to sixpence. The proper function of a volume at that price is to provide pleasant stories to be read on a journey and then discarded. The paper and print of 'Jennie Baxter' are quite good enough for this purpose; the binding is almost too good. The matter, a series of "detective" episodes, is adapted for the same end; and Mr. Barr, with a fine sense of fitness, has aimed at nothing more.

THERE reaches us from Mr. Ferdinand P. Kaiser, of St. Louis, the second of the ten volumes in which the considerable work *The World's Best Orations* is to be comprised. We recently noticed the first volume of the set. The volume now before us includes, among others, Berryer, Bismarck, Blaine, Lord Bolingbroke, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, John Bright, Brougham, Bryan, John Bunyan, Burke, and the almost forgotten Anson Burlingame, who in our opinion was worthy to be included in the book, though some may have a doubt. The speeches by which these and other orators are represented are well chosen. The speech of Bismarck here selected is that on the war estimates in which he uttered the famous phrase, "We Germans fear God, and in this world nought else." Bright might, perhaps, have been better represented; but the speeches which are chosen are of a nature to interest American readers, who will form the majority of the buyers of the book. Lord Brougham is perfectly represented by his closing argument for the Queen, although his speech is taken from a report from which there is omitted the phrase, "Yea, on my bended knees I pray you," which we believe occurred in this speech. Mr. Bryan has, of course, attached to his name the famous declaration, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," the electrical effect of which in speech cannot be in the least guessed at when it is read here in cold blood. The famous Marie Antoinette speech of Burke stands out as perhaps the gem of the volume.

M. GEORGES BELLAIS, the Paris publisher, is reprinting the speeches and articles of the great orator of the French Socialists, M. Jean Jaurès. A volume before us, under the title *Action Socialiste: Première Série*, contains the speeches and articles on education and those on the relations of the Powers. M. Jaurès is less unfriendly to this country than is the case with French speakers in general. The Socialists ought to be friendly to all Powers; but having to fight against a particular alliance, they are, in France, naturally somewhat inclined to be fairly friendly towards ourselves. They are above all peaceful. For an orator who speaks and writes as much as did the late Emilio Castelar, M. Jaurès is both solid and sensible; and an article on Fashoda, which he wrote at the moment of the greatest difficulty, contributed to an amicable solution.

MM. PLOX, NOURRIT & CIE. publish *Essai sur l'Histoire du Japon*, by the Marquis de la Mazière, a remarkable and admirable volume, not only on the history of Japan, which is completely followed, but on the present and future of the Japanese people. The religions of Japan are fully dealt with, and the author successfully combats the opinion that the revolution in the

kingdom of the Rising Sun has been so complete that it is not of practical interest to consider the past of the country as having any bearing upon its future. In his conclusion M. de la Mazelière discusses the most interesting question how far it is possible for Japanese statesmen to pick and choose among the various products of Western civilization—how far it is possible to accept some of them without the whole. The book before us contains few errors to set against its good qualities; but some of the foot-notes strike us as a little hasty. For instance, one states that, as Buddhism forbids the use of meat, cattle are not numerous in Japan. This note goes on to say that the Japanese live almost exclusively upon rice. Only half the Japanese are Buddhists, so that the reason given is insufficient, and it must be remembered that not only are the Japanese great eaters of vegetables of the most varied types, but that they are the greatest fish eaters in the world. Japan is virtually all within reach of the sea, and in Japan a far larger proportion of the population fishes on every day of the year than is the case in any other country. The whole of the fish are consumed locally, and hardly any Japanese in the empire passes a day without eating fish. The abstinence from meat is to be explained, therefore, rather by the plentiful supply of fish and of vegetables, as well as of rice, than by the tenets of a religion which have followed upon a practice which has existed from all time. In another note an author, whose name is incorrectly given, is named as the authority for some religious statistics of Japan which are not very accurate, and which are also marked by the use of the term "Greek schismatics" (for members of the Russian Orthodox Church). The phrase is not a polite one, and the time in the world's history has surely come when Western Catholics should frankly recognize the fact that the Eastern Church is one of the most considerable factors in the Christianity of the present, and likely to be the most considerable factor in the Christianity of the future.

LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS has reprinted in a volume, under the title of *Dinners and Dinners* (Grant Richards), a number of articles which he has contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The fashion of dining at restaurants has spread greatly of late years in London, and the restaurants have in consequence much improved in quality and greatly increased in number, so that a guide to them is a book likely to be purchased by many cockneys as well as visitors to London. Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis has contrived to convey a certain amount of information, but it is somewhat unfortunate for him that the pardonable little devices by which he strove to make his articles attractive to the readers of the *Pall Mall* become transparent to the least experienced when bound together in a volume. Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis is a kindly critic, and does not condemn many of the dishes set before him, although we fancy he must sometimes have had cause. His notes of prices at the close of each of his articles will be found of use. But we must confess that he goes astray occasionally in his French genders: for instance, "ami du maison."

A SIXPENNY edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's story *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* has been brought out by Messrs. Macmillan.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the pretty edition of *North's Plutarch* which Messrs. Dent are issuing in the "Temple Classics" have reached us.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

##### ENGLISH.

##### Fine Art and Archaeology.

Furness's (H.) *Australian Sketches made on Tour*, roy. 8vo. 2/6

##### Poetry.

Clerke's (E. M.) *Fable and Song in Italy*, cr. 8vo. 5/

Moore's (E.) *Studies in Dante*, Second Series, 8vo. 10/6 net.

Shakespeare's Works, Vol. 6, Eversley Edition, cr. 8vo. 5/ Sweetman's (B.) *Pastorals and other Poems*, cr. 8vo. 3/6 net. Tennyson's Works, Vol. 5, Edition de Luxe, 8vo. 150/ net (sets only).

##### Drama.

Huret's (J.) *Sarah Bernhardt*, 8vo. 6/

##### Philosophy.

Dennis's (J. S.) *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, Vol. 2, roy. 8vo. 10/6

##### Bibliography.

Slater's (J. H.) *Illustrated Sporting Books*, cr. 8vo. 7/6 net.

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Dictionary of National Biography: Vol. 59, Wakeman-Watkins, roy. 8vo. 15/ net.

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##### Science.

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Untold Half (The), by Allen, cr. 8vo. 6/

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##### FOREIGN.

##### Theology.

Rau (A.): *Die Ethik Jesu*, 4m. 50.

##### Law.

Liebermann (F.): *Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen: Vol. 1, Text u. Uebersetzung*, Part 2, 8m.

Toblen (A.): *Die Agrargesetzgebung Livlands im 19. Jahrh.: Vol. 1, Die Bauverordnungen v. 1804 u. 1819*, 20m.

##### Poetry.

Robert (P.): *Les Poètes du XIX. Siècle*, 3fr. 50.

##### History and Biography.

Camon (H.): *La Bataille Napoléonienne*, 1fr. 50.

Gay (Monsieur): *Correspondance*, 2 vols. 12fr.

Glacant (P. et V.): *Papiers d'Autrefois*, 3fr. 50.

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Hartmann (L. M.): *Gregori I. Pape Registrum Epistoliarum: Vol. 2, Part 3, Prefatio et Indices*, 8m.

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Montmorand (Vicente B. de): *Société Française Contemporaine*, 3fr. 50.

Simonnet (H.): *Le Gouvernement Parlementaire et l'Assemblée Constituante de 1789*, 3fr. 50.

##### Folk-lore.

La Tradition au Pays Basque, 10fr.

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Foà (E.): *Chasses aux Grands Fauves, du Zambèze au Congo Français*, 10fr.

Schulze (F. E.): *Amerikanische Hexactinelliden*, 49m.

##### Philology.

Martin (R. u. Lienhart (H.): *Wörterbuch der elassischen Mundarten*, Part 5, 4m.

##### General Literature.

Bertheroy (J.): *Le Journal de Marguerite Plantin*, 3fr. 50.

Giacomelli (A.): *Sur la Broche*, 3fr. 50.

Le Roux (H.): *Jeunes Amours*, 3fr. 50.

Madi (P.): *Cendrillonette*, 3fr. 50.

Rouff (M.): *Les Pélerinages*, 3fr. 50.

#### NELSON AT NAPLES.

THE second edition of Capt. Mahan's 'Life of Nelson' has just appeared, and, as he states in the preface, the section relating to Naples has been completely rewritten. There was, indeed, need for this to be done, for in the former edition he passed over the Italian evidence entirely. It will now be a disappointment to many to find that the new section is in its way as unsatisfactory as the old. The only form that reason-

able criticism can take is an enumeration of the mistakes. Here are a few examples.

P. 369:—

"The treaty had not received execution, for the second article provided that the garrisons should keep possession of the forts until the vessels that were to take them to Toulon were ready to sail, which was not the case when Nelson arrived."

Ans. Article 2 was designed to reassure the garrisons against premature ousting, and the interpretation now suggested was never dreamt of by the framers. Those 800 Republicans who did not wish to emigrate were so anxious to get home that they began coming out before the treaty was signed, and Ruffo was so anxious to get them out of the castles that he sent special officers to encourage them. Nor did Nelson or Hamilton dream of such an interpretation, for the latter in his correspondence thrice refers to the 800 at liberty in Naples as being covered by the treaty.

As to the release of the hostages, which was to and did take place at the moment the treaty was signed, Capt. Mahan is prudently silent.

P. 370. The charge that Nelson juggled with the word "armistice"—sometimes employing it in its strict sense, and sometimes as equivalent to the treaty—is met with vigorous assertions that Nelson never employed the word in other than its strict sense: "This seems so clear as to be unnecessary to mention." "The confusion introduced and asserted by others did not exist in Nelson's own mind." "An historical fact beyond doubt."

Ans. There are, however, half a dozen passages which refute these confident asseverations, the most disingenuous, perhaps, being Nelson's description of the treaty, after he had seen it, as "a treaty of armistice." Even more to the point is his statement to Keith, June 27th, "I received letters informing me that an infamous armistice was entered into, to which Foote had put his name"; for if it be contended that Nelson refers here only to the inaccurate report of an armistice received at sea, it must be replied that Foote's signature was appended only to the actual treaty, and that Nelson does not go on to inform Keith that he found an actual treaty on arrival. The deception of Keith is an interesting sequel to the deception of the garrisons.

Pp. 375, 376. Ruffo is credited with writing that "a great number began to desert from the castles," and that "it was to be hoped the castles would surrender at discretion."

Ans. It has been already pointed out that "desert" is a mistranslation, the original being *fuggire*, not *desertare*; and in the second case the original is silent as to Ruffo's own hopes and desires—"se vi e da sperare che si diano a discrezione." This is no hairsplitting, and those who have followed the matter closely will appreciate the significance of the misrendering.

P. 377:—

"Nelson apparently did not receive Ruffo's letter (of the 25th) till the 26th was well advanced, and in fact not until after a letter of Hamilton's which arrived about noon."

Ans. If Capt. Mahan had looked a few pages further in the same volume in which he discovered Ruffo's letter of the 25th, he would have found another letter of Ruffo's, sent on the morning of the 26th, evidently previous to Hamilton's, and subsequent to the reception of the letter of the 25th. This letter of the 26th, and a good deal more of extreme importance that passed between Ruffo and Nelson, Capt. Mahan's mistake excludes.

P. 378. The purpose of the mission of Troubridge and Ball to Ruffo on June 26th "is strictly defined, and because defined, limited," the argument being that as Nelson said in his last letter that he was sending them to arrange for an attack on S. Elmo, they had no other function.

Ans. Hamilton, writing to Acton, says that the two captains have "arranged that the rebels be embarked this evening." And Sacchinelli

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states that immediately after the interview with Ruffo they visited Nuovo and Dell' Uovo.

P. 381. It is urged that those few misguided people to whom Nelson's high reputation seems insufficient to disprove the charge that he deceived the rebels must be satisfied by the "honour-brightness" of Troubridge.

Ans. Troubridge was at this time in a strangely excited frame of mind, for in a letter to Nelson a week later he complacently describes how he turned *Septembriseur*—flung an offender—a rascal probably, but still a human being—out into the street, and raised a cry, "Jacobin! Jacobin!" that he might have his throat cut by the Calabresi! Further, we find him endorsing the letter of a Royalist who presented him with a Jacobin's head "A jolly fellow"; and excusing himself to Nelson that, as the weather was hot, the head had got too high to forward! The long and short of the matter is that, with a few honourable exceptions, it was generally felt at this time on the English side that it did not matter what one did with Jacobins. If Troubridge was, as I believe, not a conscious, but an unconscious instrument in the deception that was actually practised on the rebels, his subjection to Nelson's influence is quite sufficient to account for his not making a fuss afterwards. "Jacobins! What did it matter? If they and Ruffo had not understood, they ought to have. He himself had only obeyed orders."

P. 382. "It is clear that the opinion of Admiral Foley and Hardy could not have been that the garrisons were deceived."

Ans. The only ground for this is the vague statement of Clarke, that after a conversation with those two officers he was "inclined to think more favourably of Nelson's conduct"; and there is the significant fact that when Foote again and again brought this charge of deception, appealing to all Naples captains in corroboration, Foley and Hardy remained silent.

*Ibid.* The opinion of the Marchese Maresca in 1895 is quoted as to there having been no trickery of the rebels.

Ans. I think I am justified in saying that the Marchese has changed, or at least is reconsidering his view. One of the chief exculpatory bits of evidence that influenced him was Acton's expression (August 1st), "The Cardinal yielded"; but this has proved to belong to June 30th, not to June 25th. Capt. Mahan, however, requires the expression as belonging to June 25th.

P. 383. "Before noon the ringleaders were transferred to British ships."

Ans. Foudroyant's log fixes this in the afternoon or evening. As Foote was dispatched to Palermo at the moment that Nelson decided to break the treaty, this blunder in date has considerable consequence.

Pp. 384-87. It is vehemently and repeatedly asserted that on June 24th Nelson arrived with full powers over Ruffo, because on June 10th, when it was proposed to send the youthful Crown Prince to Naples with such powers, it was also arranged that Nelson should be his adviser in chief.

Ans. The expedition contemplated on June 10th—Sicilian in form—fell through entirely. That of June 21st was purely English, had quite different instructions, and the previous motive (like that of 2 Samuel xii. 27, 28) for superseding Ruffo no longer existed. Besides, where is the instrument transferring the Crown Prince's powers to Nelson? Amongst other absurdities involved, one may notice that, according to the view now propounded, Nelson, writing to the king on June 24th, quite forgot that he already had full powers; and the king, equally forgetful, after hesitating on June 25th and 26th, reconfirmed them on the 27th.

P. 386. Ruffo's orders "were less discretionary" than those of the proposed reinforcing expedition of June 10th.

Ans. This is a complete inversion, for the Sicilian terms rose as the chance of sending reinforcements increased. Contrast the queen's letter of June 19th with that of the 21st.

P. 390. "The record of the court-martial has not been preserved. It is impossible, therefore, now to say," &c.

Ans. Sacchinelli prints in full Thurn's report to Ruffo.

P. 391. "In our age no officer could expect to escape the like punishment for the same offence."

Ans. He would probably escape under the *de facto* statute. Caracciolo simply obeyed a *de facto* government, which enforced military service under pain of death.

P. 392. "No fatal irregularity can be shown in the trial."

Ans. The undisputed facts that Caracciolo was put on trial within an hour of delivery, when "half dead from exhaustion," and was denied opportunity to call witnesses, surely constitute such irregularity.

As to the most important matters of all, as, e.g., that on June 26th the Republicans submitted to Nelson's terms of unconditional surrender, Capt. Mahan brings forward only violent assertion. As a good deal of new evidence on these points is presently to appear, I refrain from comment. Meanwhile, however, he scarcely advances matters by denouncing all who do not accept his opinion as guilty of "mere futile prevarication." In fine, it would seem that the readiness and daring which make Capt. Mahan so much at home in describing Nelson's strategy and the dash of his victories disqualify him for a task which requires care and caution, patience and accuracy, attention to minutiae and judicious weighing of evidence. If to these virtues were added a slight touch of modesty the result would be more pleasing.

F. P. BADHAM.

#### 'FREETHOUGHT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.'

MR. ROBERTSON writes to us regarding his 'Short History of Freethought.' He admits that he omitted to mention that Hobbes was an acquaintance of Mersenne.

"1. The slip is one of those which specially besfall short histories, and I am glad to have it pointed out. But it will be found on examination, I think, that I have not committed the blunder you suppose. Let me briefly give the essential facts. (1) Mersenne was not the 'close friend' of Hobbes. He received him first and last as a scientific friend. In 1647, when Hobbes was supposed to be dying, Mersenne came to his sick-bed, and for the first time sought to discuss with him the question of Catholic faith. Hobbes declined to discuss it, and instantly and decisively changed the subject. There was clearly no relation of close intimacy. (2) In 1648 Mersenne died. (3) Not till 1651 did Hobbes publish the 'Leviathan,' where for the first time he set forth his anti-clericalism. You will doubtless accept Croom Robertson's account ('Hobbes,' p. 72) of the immediate result:—

"The exiled clergy in particular.....could not but be affected to indignation in every fibre of their being.....The French clerical authorities, made aware of the contents of 'Leviathan,' and exasperated by such an open and unsparing assault (no longer a masked attack, as in the 'De Cive') on the Papal system, were moving (as Clarendon again bears confirmatory witness) to arraign the foreign offender."

"This being so, it seems reasonable to say that had Mersenne been alive in 1651 he would not have remained even the literary friend of Hobbes. It is thus not to the purpose to say that their friendship was never broken. The case of Descartes was, as I wrote, essentially different."

"2. In writing 'the Puritans' I of course had in view not Cromwell, but the Presbyterians whose rule he upset. Here again the obscurity comes of undue brevity. Cromwell's prevention of persecution is matter of history. But had the men of Elliot's stamp been in power when 'Leviathan' appeared, Hobbes certainly would not have been safe in England. In 1651 he would be the more readily tolerated, on making submission, because he had just left the Royalists. But Cromwell's influence was already powerful in all such matters."

"3. In support of the charge that I 'cannot help being censorious of any one who, having the ear

of the public, fails to speak out, always and everywhere, his full mind about religion,' you point only to my remarks on Huxley, saying that I greatly underrate his services to the cause of free speech. The evidence offered, I submit, is rather inadequate to the charge. But even that evidence is not valid. Let me point out that it is a misconception of my position to say that I censured Huxley for not speaking out always and everywhere his 'full mind about popular religion.' As a matter of fact I never so censured any one in my life. What I said of Huxley in particular was that till middle life he often gratuitously covered himself by attacks on professed freethinkers, and gave positive aid to reaction. It is not generally known how wanton were the attacks and how pronounced the support of reaction. Huxley's later services I mention."

"4. Your review describes me as 'deliberately keeping back systematic reference' to my own theory of economic causation, on the score that to suggest it in connexion with the rise of religion is to give an opening for misrepresentation that is sure to be taken. You say I thus allow myself a kind of reserve of which I complain in others. I repeat that I do not make any such complaint of any one. Nor can I see how I can be said to practise 'reserve.' My avowal is: 'I hold so-and-so; but I will not urge it at this part of my case.' This is an open avowal of the opinion, not 'reserve.' For the rest, the economic principle is applied throughout the book more fully than you seem to have observed. (Another critic complains of my 'constant emphasis on the economic motive.') My meaning in regard to the 'fanatical' application of the Marxian theorem is that some Marxian writers ignore all social causation save the economic. If I commit an analogous error, no doubt I am in turn fanatical; but I submit that this has not been shown."

Of course, Mersenne and Hobbes were not such close friends as Mersenne and Descartes, but they were distinctly personal friends; the term "acquaintance" is much too weak. That the friendship between Hobbes and Mersenne would have been broken on the publication of 'Leviathan,' if Mersenne had lived till then, there is nothing to show; and there is this against it, that Mersenne and Gassendi wrote laudatory letters to the publisher of 'De Cive,' but resented their publication (though not against Hobbes, who was not responsible), because as Roman Catholics they could not allow themselves to be associated with the attack on the Papal system. Yet this attack, as we know, did not break their private friendship. "The Puritans," as a collective term, certainly includes Cromwell and the Independents as much as the Presbyterians. Our point, however, was not that the Puritans were more tolerant than their opponents (though, as Mr. Robertson now points out, a little to the injury of his own general position, Cromwell really did something for toleration). It was that, completely as the Puritans of the Presbyterian section upheld the theocratic ideal, it was never at any period in their power in England to proceed against heresy systematically. They may have been personally less favourable than the heads of Anglicanism to intellectual liberty; but there was the following important difference between the period before and after the Civil War. Before the Civil War the kind of criticism Hobbes published on the composition of Scripture would have made him legally liable to prosecution for heresy. The disruption of the old order, together with the want of homogeneity even among the Puritans themselves, made such a prosecution impracticable. Hobbes, according to Prof. Croom Robertson, while wholly disapproving of the Revolution politically, turned its result to account by taking the opening offered for "free expression upon forbidden subjects which he had deeply considered."

"After a self-imposed exile of eleven years, cast out in the end by his own party and a fugitive from religious hate, he could turn only to his own country, which he had been so ready to desert, and seek protection from the Revolutionary Government which he had sacrificed everything to oppose."

And he had not "left the Royalists" in the sense of deserting their party politically. 'Leviathan' was a defence of monarchy against all

possible arguments for rebellion, while at the same time an attack equally on the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian systems, so far as they maintained an independent right in the clergy against the power of the State concentrated in the monarch. Thus his mere acquiescence in the new government as an established order could not well procure him favour with its founders.

We did not say that Mr. Robertson censures Huxley for not being sufficiently outspoken, but that he is censorious (not specially with regard to this point, but wherever an opportunity seems offered) when any eminent free-thinker is concerned who concedes too much to conventions tending to reserve. And Huxley's early as well as late services to free speech were really great. It is, of course, permissible for one free-thinker to have a difference with another, and Huxley's temperament was no doubt polemical.

#### THE AUTHORSHIP OF 'THE NEWE COURTE OF VENUS.'

SINCE writing the article which appeared in last week's *Athenæum* entitled 'The Metrical Psalms and the Court of Venus,' I have been fortunate enough to discover something which strengthens my hypothesis, and clears the question of some of its perplexities.

I have found the author of at least three out of the twelve poems preserved in the Bright fragment; and he was a sixteenth-century poet, of a reforming tendency—one of the metrical Psalm writers indeed—even Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder! This proves they must have been written before 1541; and though it does not decide whether the collection was made in 1540 or in 1557, it makes the earlier date possible. It gives room to suppose that the cancelling, after all, might have been ordered because the poems were proved to be no works of Chaucer. On the principle of averages, if a quarter of the poems preserved are found to be written by Sir Thomas Wyatt, we may consider it probable that others of his poems appeared on some of the missing folios; and that it is possible, even, that he was the author of 'The Pilgrim's Tale' itself. It is generally held that his famous *jeu d'esprit* precipitated the fate of the monasteries.

The three poems I find were also published among those ascribed to Sir Thomas Wyatt in Tottell's 'Miscellany,' 1557; and I give the first verse of each, from that issue.

The second poem in 'The Newe Courte of Venus' commences:—

My lute, awake, perform the last  
Labour that thou and I shall waste,  
And when this song is sung and past,  
My lute, be still, for I have done.

The fourth in the same fragment is:—

Dialaine me not without desert,  
Nor leave me not so suddenly,  
Sins well ye wot that in my hart  
I meane ye not but honestly.

The twelfth poem commences:—

Marvell no more altho  
The songes I sing do none,  
For other lyfe then wo  
I never proved none.

I have a clue, not very clear, to some of the other poems; but the authorship of even three is sufficiently interesting to be noteworthy. This also helps to corroborate my opinion that Collier ought to have added two to his 'Seven English Poetical Miscellanies'—i.e., 'The Court of Venus' and 'The Newe Courte of Venus.' If the latter was the suppressed edition of 1540, it is distinctly earlier than any he published; if it was the licensed issue of 1557, there must have been a nearly simultaneous publication by two printers, Sutton and Tottell, of poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder. As this happened in Mary's reign, when the name of Wyatt was out of favour, it is all the more significant that 'The Court of Venus' should again have been associated with 'The Pilgrim's Tale.'

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

#### LADY SHELLEY.

THE decease is announced of Lady Shelley. She was the widow of the Hon. C. R. St. John when in 1848 she married Sir Percy Shelley. She was a clever woman, full of enthusiasm, and she took a great interest in the life and writings of the poet—much more than his son did—and at her prompting Mr. Jefferson Hogg undertook to write the life of Shelley. But the two volumes he wrote, however valuable to students, but ill accorded with the romantic conception that the lady had formed of the poet. So she withdrew the papers she had placed at his disposal, the book came to an abrupt end, and she set to work to give her own views to the public, producing a volume of 'Memorials from Authentic Sources.' She followed this up by interesting several writers of note in her theories about Shelley. Dr. Garnett produced a little volume of 'Relics of Shelley,' and Mr. Kegan Paul compiled a life of Godwin, while Mr. Froude allowed himself to be persuaded to write a reply to Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson on the basis of a single sentence, furnished by Lady Shelley, of a letter of which he was not allowed to see the rest; while the public was diligently assured that if Sir P. Shelley chose to publish the documents in his possession every argument used against Shelley would prove to be a calumny. At last, however, Lady Shelley was imprudent enough to bring her theories to the test, and handed over all the letters and documents to Prof. Dowden. The result was fatal, for the book showed how little in way of reply to the most serious charges of sober-minded students Prof. Dowden, in spite of his zeal and ability, was able to urge. The theory that Shelley was a faultless hero of romance was, in fact, destroyed by Lady Shelley's frankness, and, although intrepidly maintained by Dr. Garnett in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' has been abandoned by all unprejudiced investigators. The whole matter forms a curious episode in literary history.

To Lady Shelley was mainly due the famous memorial to the poet in Christchurch Minster, Hampshire, and the one recently erected from the designs of Mr. Onslow Ford at University College, Oxford. Still more recently Lady Shelley presented some relics of Shelley to the Bodleian.

#### Literary Gossip.

THE question who is to be the future editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* is making a good deal of stir in certain quarters, but it was not settled when we last heard about it.

THE REV. W. E. SHERWOOD, who is preparing a history of rowing at Oxford, would be glad of any information about boat races previous to 1823, such as may be obtained from private diaries or from notes at the backs of old pictures. Prints or other pictures of boats would be of great service. Any information bearing on the subject should be addressed to Mr. Sherwood, at Magdalen College School, Oxford, and any prints, &c., submitted to him would, of course, be carefully returned.

THE presentation of his portrait and a small but handsomely bound library of books to Dr. Richard Garnett was the occasion of some pleasant speechmaking at the rooms of the Society of Arts on June 23rd. Mr. Leslie Stephen presided, and Dr. Garnett, in his reply acknowledging the gifts, declared that he had been overpraised for the Museum Catalogue—that he was in the position of the dentist who had successfully extracted a tooth that several earlier dentists had only succeeded in loosening. The portrait—an excellent one—was by the Hon. John Collier. The

books were mainly works of reference, although it was interesting to learn that Dr. Jowett's translation of Plato and Prof. Bury's edition of Gibbon were books of which hitherto Dr. Garnett had not enjoyed private possession.

THE movement against the Literary Agent has so far, it is understood, received the more or less qualified support of the proprietors of the *Queen*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Woman at Home*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and *Harmsworth's Magazine*. While the proprietors of publications that require the serial use of popular novelists would seem to be well-nigh unanimous in their desire to dispense with the agent, the publishers, who employ him largely for negotiating the book rights of authors, are, in a number of cases, predisposed in his favour.

MR. E. B. MICHELL has completed for Messrs. Methuen an elaborate work on 'The Art and Practice of Hawking.' The book is intended to be not only an historical account of falconry, but a practical guide. It contains many illustrations by Mr. G. E. Lodge and others.

CANON PENNINGTON has in the press an historical work entitled 'The Counter-Reformation in Europe,' which is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will furnish much new and important evidence of England's influence on the Continent during the Reformation period.

THE only copy of Charles and Mary Lamb's exceedingly scarce 'Poetry for Children' which has appeared in the sale-rooms for many years comes up at Sotheby's next week. In the same sale is also a copy of the first edition of Lamb's 'Beauty and the Beast,' and 'Stories of Old Daniel, or Tales of Wonder and Delight.'

CAPT. MAHAN, of the United States Navy, contributes to the July number of the *English Historical Review* an important article on 'The Neapolitan Republicans and Nelson's Accusers,' in which he endeavours to vindicate the conduct of the British admiral against a recent attack in the same review by Mr. F. P. Badham. Some remarks by Mr. Badham will be found in another column.

THE number will also include papers by Mr. Arthur Tilley on 'Some Pamphlets of the French Wars of Religion,' and by Mr. Round on 'Bernard, the King's Scribe'; while Mr. Firth publishes an account of 'The Capture of Santiago in Cuba by Capt. Myngs in 1662.'

CAMBRIDGE has followed the example of Oxford in providing a sum of money in order to secure the representation of the University at the Paris Exhibition next year. The new endowment fund of the University is stated to have reached a figure approaching 60,000*l*.

THE Sheffield University College, it is expected, will acquire the buildings and site of Wesley College, after which the authorities are likely to renew their proposal for affiliation in the Victoria University.

A COMMITTEE has been formed to promote the foundation of a new University College at Hanley, which would eventually, no doubt, become a constituent college of the Birmingham University.



THE report of the committee appointed to confer, on behalf of London University, with representatives of the Treasury and the Imperial Institute on the scheme for housing the reconstituted University at South Kensington was received and considered by the Senate on Wednesday last. It now appears to be highly probable that the plan will be carried into effect. The University is offered the use of the entire east wing, with the partial use of the central building, which would give it a floor-space more than four times as large as that of the premises in Burlington Gardens. The tenure would be direct from the Government, and it is understood that a Parliamentary grant will be proposed for the University as soon as the Statutory Commission has completed its labours.

THE library and reading-room of the Royal Irish Academy will be closed from the 3rd to the 15th inst., both days inclusive.

IN addition to the interesting books to which we have already referred, Messrs. Sotheby's sale next week will include a copy of the excessively rare 'Humours Looking Glass,' 1608, of Samuel Rowlands; two very rare early works by Wordsworth, 'Descriptive Sketches in Verse' and 'An Evening Walk,' both dated 1793; some interesting presentation copies of the first editions of William Morris's works; several rare books on America, notably a very choice example of the first dated edition of Vesputius's 'Mundus Novus,' 1504, the copy which sold for 176l. three years ago; a complete set of the Kelmscott Press publications; the original autograph manuscript of Disraeli's 'Young Duke'; and an unusually large number of illuminated manuscripts, chiefly of the fifteenth century, and comprising several of very beautiful execution.

AT the Literary Séance of the Women's Congress on Wednesday Mrs. Steel opened with a general consideration of the way women were related to literature. Mrs. Stopes presented a short analysis of the special work women had done in literature in this country. She was followed by representatives from France, Germany, Italy, Finland, Russia, Denmark, and Holland. Lady Lindsay spoke on women and poetry. In the open discussion Mrs. J. R. Green and Mrs. Rhys Davids were the chief speakers. On Tuesday afternoon there was an interesting discussion on art in its various branches as a profession for women, in which Miss Emily Sartain and Mrs. Lea Merritt took part, as well as Miss C. Brewster and Miss Barbara Hamley. Madame Starr Canziani opened the discussion on the special subject 'The Spirit of Purity in Art and its Influence on the Well-being of Nations,' in which many speakers joined.

THE week's obituary includes the names of Mr. Arthur Tennyson, a younger brother of the late Lord Tennyson, and of Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, for over five-and-thirty years editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, a journalist who worked his way upwards by his own energy and talent. Mr. Bunce was the author of 'A History of the Corporation of Birmingham.'

WE regret to hear of the death of Prof. Socin, the famous Swiss Orientalist. He

was born at Bâle in 1844, and after studying in his native city and at Geneva he proceeded to the universities of Leipzig and Berlin. He travelled in the East from 1868 to 1870, and again in 1873. After being a *Privat Dozent* at Bâle he was "called" to Tübingen, and in 1890 he succeeded Fleischer at Leipzig. He was known to the tourist public by being the author of Baedeker's 'Guide to Palestine and Syria.' Of his works for scholars may be mentioned his 'Arabische Sprichwörter,' his 'Arabische Grammatik,' his monographs on the Neo-Aramaic dialects and on the Arabic of Morocco and the dialect of Houwara, &c.

MR. MURRAY writes:—

"In your very appreciative notice of Mr. Alfred Lubbock's 'Memories of Eton and Etonians' you write:—

"The vignette initials to the chapters..... are really pretty in their way, and embellish the book far more than the reproductions of old photographs, interesting as these are to those who know. There is no indication of the artist's name beyond some faintly apparent initials."

"If you will kindly turn to the list of illustrations—which is, I believe, the usual place for such acknowledgments—you will find the full statement of the artist's name—A. Kay Womrath."

THE Omar Khayyâm Club met on Saturday, June 24th, at Great Marlow. Mr. L. F. Austin was in the chair, and gracefully handed over the insignia of office to Sir George Robertson, the author of 'Chitrâl: the Story of a Minor Siege,' who succeeds him. The health of the guests, who included Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. G. H. Putnam of New York, and Mr. Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) of Chicago, was proposed by Mr. Clement Shorter, and Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Putnam both responded. The muster of members present included Sir Brampton Gurdon, M.P., Mr. Edward Clodd, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, and Mr. Moncreux Conway.

A NEW step has been taken in the specialization of the study of historical sources by the institution of a general German "Archivtag," which will be held this year at Strasbourg on September 25th. Invitations have been issued to the archivists of the German states, municipalities, and universities. Among the list of subjects to be handled we find the 'Vorbildung der Archivare,' by Prof. Wiegand, the Keeper of the Records at Strasbourg; 'Archivbenutzungsordnungen,' by Dr. Wittmann, of Munich; and 'Archivinventare und ihre Veröffentlichung,' by Von Weech, Keeper of the Archives of Karlsruhe. Papers are also promised by Dr. Wolfram, Keeper of the Records at Metz, Regierungsrath Ermisch, of Dresden, and others.

THE new *Goethe-Jahrbuch* will contain an essay by Prof. Brandl, of Berlin, on the relations of Goethe to Byron, with some hitherto unpublished papers found amongst the treasures of the Goethe and Schiller archives. Amongst these is a translation of Byron's "Fare thee well," though it is by no means certain that Goethe was the translator. There is no doubt, however, as to several German renderings of certain passages from 'Manfred,' which are written

with pencil in Goethe's own handwriting. One of these is a translation of Manfred's first monologue, which, according to Byron's own confession, had some likeness to 'Faust.' Goethe's translation of this monologue, and also the fourth scene of the first act of 'Manfred,' will be published for the first time in Prof. Brandl's paper.

MR. JOHN HOGG has nearly ready for publication a new, revised, and enlarged edition of 'The Handbook of Solo Whist,' by Mr. A. S. Wilks, containing the new standard code of laws adopted by the leading sporting clubs, &c.

THE Parliamentary Papers of the week include the Annual Report of the Astronomer Royal for Scotland (1d.); Minute of the Committee of Council on Education in Scotland, dated June 15th, 1899, as to Technical Education (1d.); Report of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland, 1898 (4d.); and Reports on the Endowed Charities of the Parishes of Lambeth (1s. 5d.) and St. Marylebone (5d.).

## SCIENCE

### ZOOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

IN *Drift from Longshore* (Hutchinson & Co.) the "Son of the Marshes" and his editor, Mrs. J. A. Owen, take the reader back to some extent to the marshland scenery where a reputation for freshness of subject and descriptive power was acquired some years ago. Milton-next-Sittingbourne is the centre of the rambles and experiences with gun and wildfowl in the earlier chapters; but afterwards the author turns to Sussex, and the sketch of Ashdown Forest and its neighbourhood is, to our mind, the best bit of word-painting in the book. In all the works from this author and editor there is, necessarily, a strong family likeness, but the general tone of this volume is decidedly superior to that of some of its predecessors.

*Animals of To-day: their Life and Conversation* (Seeley & Co.), is another of the collections of articles from the *Spectator* which Mr. C. J. Cornish considers worthy of republication in book form, with illustrations. They are very slight, many of them being merely essays upon articles which have appeared in daily papers or magazines; but they are brightly and pleasantly written, and suitable for a railway journey or an idle hour in a country house. Their optimistic tone is sometimes amusing. It may be true that goats "love to be tethered on a common, with scanty grass and a stock of furze-bushes to nibble"; but that "a deserted brickfield, with plenty of broken drain-tiles, rubbish-heaps and weeds, pleases them still better," cannot be accepted as a conclusive statement until the goat itself has spoken. That "not even the pig has so varied a diet as the goat" is open to question, for the pig eats every kind of offal all over the world, and revels in young babies, though it seldom gets these except in China. Mr. Cornish is, however, decidedly happy in his statement that "our donkeys have never recovered from the social results of the Reformation," and readers must turn to p. 59 for the most excellent reason. In the article on natural death in the animal world the author seems to have formed a very erroneous idea when he states that "there is probably no such gathering of birds on any part of the globe as on the Arctic tundra in July and August," for on those vast moors animal life is by no means so abundant to the square mile as it is in many other situations. Misprints are not numerous, but the late explorer of Nineveh would hardly have recognized himself as Sir Henry Laird.

*The Naturalists' Directory, 1899.* (Upcott Gill.)—There do not appear to be so many errors in this as in the last edition of this 'Directory'; but as there are errors of more or less importance regarding the Linnean and Zoological Societies, the Natural History Museum, and the Oxford University Museum, it can hardly be yet recommended as a trustworthy book of reference.

## SOCIETIES.

**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—June 15.—Viscount Dillon, President, in the chair.—Mr. H. S. Cowper, as Local Secretary for Lancashire, communicated a description and photographs of the insignia of the borough of Flookburgh. These consist of (1) an Elizabethan sword with handle richly damascened with silver; (2) a staff surmounted by a flock or flounder of iron, pierced with the letters F.B.; and (3) a socketed object, also in iron, closely resembling a weathercock.—Mr. Everard Green, Rouge Dragon, communicated a paper descriptive of the well-known heraldic glass in the windows of the hall at Ockwells Manor House, Berks, which he suggested formed a "Liber amicorum" in glass of the patrons and friends of John Norreys, the builder of the house, temp. Henry VI.—Mr. W. H. St. John Hope described the results of certain excavations lately carried out by him for the Society, by kind permission of the Bishop of Dover, on the site of the frater at Christchurch, Canterbury. Recent excavations for part of the new Archbishop's Palace had brought to light certain ancient walls, with the remains of vaulting, which had evidently belonged to some important section of the monastic buildings, and the further investigation of them had now been carried out. This showed that the Norman frater and its adjuncts had been destroyed early in the thirteenth century, and replaced by a new structure built over a fine and lofty undercroft, 135 ft. long, 36 ft. wide, and 10 ft. high. This was divided into fourteen bays, and vaulted in three alleys. The vault rested on a double row of pillars and on Purbeck marble brackets let into the walls. Above this undercroft, which was used as a cellar, were the frater and its screens, and west of these the buttery and pantry, and perhaps the *disportum*, which was the name given at Canterbury to the misericord or hall wherein flesh meat might be eaten. Mr. Hope showed, from quotations from the treasurers' accounts, that the work was in progress from 1226 to 1237, and cost 894*l.*, a very large sum. It was also evident that the new discoveries necessitate a reconsideration of Prof. Willis's theories as to the date and arrangements of the frater and its surroundings.

June 22.—Viscount Dillon, President, in the chair.—Mr. K. G. Bosanquet exhibited a plan and photographs illustrative of recent excavations at Housesteads (Borovicium), towards which the Society had made a grant.—Mr. F. G. Hilton Price, Director, read a paper upon predynastic and early dynastic antiquities in his collection from Egypt, illustrating it by a selected exhibition of objects which for the most part came from Naqada, Abydos, Gebelen, &c. Many of the objects shown have been known to Egyptologists for many years past, but it was not until systematic excavations had been carried out by Prof. Flinders Petrie at Naqada and Ballas in 1894-5 that their period was ascertained, notably the so-called slate palettes and the red pottery with black glazed tops, which he at first provisionally assigned as belonging to a "new race"; however, since that time it has been proved that these objects belong to a predynastic people who lived in the Nile valley previous to or about the time of the first dynasty. Mr. Hilton Price described a remarkably fine and perfect amulet made out of the end of the tusk of an elephant, with a human head, of Asiatic type, with pointed beard, carved out on the point; also an amulet made of a thin flat piece of gold, which he considered was intended to represent the former done in the flat instead of the round; a wand or *bâton* in form like a boomerang in ivory, engraved with fantastical figures; stone cone-shaped discs, hitherto supposed to be mace-heads, which he showed were most probably the whorls or guards for the hand fire-drill; and the slate palettes, which he agreed with Prof. Petrie in considering had been largely used for grinding malachite or hæmatite for face-paint, as could be proved by remains of such colours still remaining in many of them; but he thought it probable that they may also have been primarily employed as amulets. He then described some bangles in shell, objects in bone called "manikins," spoons, beads, &c.; a small stone lion; pots or vases of diorite and other ornamental stones; pottery, of which he exhibited specimens of the red ware with black tops and the decorative class; and lastly, an interesting series of finely chipped implements in cherty flint.—Mr. M. A. Giuseppe read a paper on the testament of Sir Hugh de Nevill, written at

Acre in 1267. Remarking on the extreme rarity of early wills, Mr. Giuseppe said that the especial interest of the one in question was that it related exclusively to the history of the Crusades. A translation of the contents was read, from which it was shown that the instrument dealt only with such personal property of the testator's as he had with him in the Holy Land, or might have at the time of his death there. The bequests were made to religious and charitable institutions connected with the Crusades, or to the testator's own personal companions and retainers. No relatives were mentioned, the will being thus entirely destitute of the usual genealogical particulars to be found in such documents. Happily, however, the collection in which it existed, the charters and deeds of the Duchy of Lancaster, contained many records relating to Sir Hugh's family, three of which in addition to his will had to do with his life as a Crusader. Considering these in the probable order of their dates, Mr. Giuseppe said they could leave no doubt but that the testator was the Sir Hugh de Nevill of Essex who suffered forfeiture in the year 1265 as a partisan of Simon de Montfort. The paper concluded with some remarks on the arms borne by the Essex Nevills and exhibited on a seal attached to the testament. The use of the rampant lion by this family was traced to the lion story told by Matthew Paris of a Hugh de Nevill who, according to the chronicler, died in 1222. The accuracy of this date was disputed, the Hugh to whom the story belongs being, in all probability, the chief justiciar of the forests who died in or about 1235 and was the grandfather of the testator. Some casts of seals in the British Museum were exhibited in illustration of the concluding part of the paper.—The Society's meetings were then adjourned to Thursday, November 23rd.

**LINNEAN.**—June 15.—Dr. A. Günther, President, in the chair.—Mr. A. R. Fox was elected, and the following were admitted Fellows: Prof. Marcus Hartog, and Messrs. H. Ferguson, L. G. Sutton, E. R. Sykes, and H. Wager.—The President exhibited a living specimen of a tree-frog (*Polypedates quadrilineatus*) introduced accidentally into Kew Gardens. This is not the first instance of accidental introduction of a tropical frog into the Royal Gardens, Kew. Some five years ago a species of *Hylodes*, from Dominica, appeared in some numbers in several of the propagating-houses, and has evidently reproduced its species since arrival.—Mr. W. Whitwell exhibited: 1. The only known British specimen of *Botrychium matricariaefolium*, A. Braun, gathered in July, 1887, on the seashore at Stevenston, Ayrshire. 2. An undescribed variety of *Asplenium ruta-muraria*, Linn., from an old wall on Dartmoor, about five miles from Plympton. Its chief peculiarities were stated to be the length (3 in.) and the narrowness ( $\frac{1}{4}$  in.) of the lamina. The pinnae are closely set, expanded, and flabellate, partially sub-divided, and placed on short stalks on alternate sides of the rachis; the contour of the whole thus differed entirely from that of the ordinary forms of *A. ruta-muraria*. 3. A specimen of rye with two ears on the same stalk, gathered at Romsey, Hants.—Mr. R. T. Günther read a paper 'On the Natural History of Lake Urmí,' in North-West Persia, the neighbourhood of which he had explored during the autumn of last year. The collections which he had made there had been worked out by the following specialists, each of whom had furnished a report on the specimens submitted to him: Dr. A. Günther, Mammalia and Fishes; R. T. Günther, Pliocene Mammalia from the bone-beds of Maragha, Crustacea, Neuroptera, and Diptera; G. A. Boulenger, Reptilia and Amphibia; E. A. Smith, Mollusca; R. I. Pocock, Myriopoda and Arachnida; A. D. Michael, Acari; A. G. Butler and Sir G. Hampson, Lepidoptera; Malcolm Burr, Orthoptera; G. C. Crick, Jurassic Ammonites; J. W. Gregory, Fossil Echinoides and Fossil Corals; R. B. Newton, Miocene Mollusca, with a supplementary note on a Palaeozoic Limestone from the island of Shazalan, in Lake Urmí. In many of these groups (notably amongst the fishes) several new species were described; and a good deal of interest centred in the skull and horns of a wild sheep which had been picked up on Koyun Daghi, the largest island in Lake Urmí. Although no living wild sheep were observed there during the traveller's short visit, small herds were reported to exist, the island, with lofty and precipitous hills, being apparently well adapted to their requirements. The head in question, that of an adult ram, unlike the typical *Ovis orientalis* found in Northern Persia and Armenia, more nearly approached that of *Ovis ophioides*, the mufion of Cyprus, a curious and unexpected resemblance.—A discussion followed, in which the President, Dr. J. W. Gregory, Mr. T. B. Newton, and Mr. J. E. Hartog took part, the last-named exhibiting photographs (taken by Mr. Sydney Churchill at Teheran) of wild sheep from the Elburz Mountains.—Dr. A. B. Rendle read a paper entitled 'A Systematic

Revision of the Genus *Najas*,' a primitive genus of monocotyledons containing about thirty known species, generally distributed in both Old and New Worlds, and consisting of submerged herbs, often of great delicacy, growing in mud in fresh or brackish water. The slender stem branches more or less profusely, and the laxity or density of branching determines the habit, which shows considerable variation. The leaves are in pairs at each node; one member of the pair is slightly older than the other, and in its axil arises a branch. The flowers, which are extremely simple, arise by the dichotomy of a branch-rudiment, the lower half forming a male or female flower, the upper the lateral branch, at the base of which the flower seems in the adult plant to stand. There is a difference of opinion as to the value of the parts of the flower, Dr. Rendle's view being that the male consists of a single anther (of axial origin) surrounded by a sac-like perianth, which is enveloped in a bottle-shaped spathe, absent only in *N. graminea*. The female consists generally of a naked ovary, terminated by two or three stigmas, and enclosing a single antherous ovule; in a few species it is enveloped by a spathe like that of the male. The seed has a hard testa, the detailed structure of which affords useful specific characters. Others are also furnished by the shape of the leaf-sheath and the form of the marginal spines.—A discussion followed, in which Mr. Carruthers and Prof. Hartog took part.—The following papers were taken as read:—'On the Anatomy and Systematic Position of Certain Slugs,' by Mr. W. E. Collinge.—'On the Edwardsia Stage of Lebrunia, and the Formation of the (Esophagus and Gastro-colic cavity),' by Mr. J. E. Duerden.—and 'On the Malvacæ of the Bombay Presidency,' by Dr. Theodore Cooke.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—June 20.—Dr. A. Günther, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. W. E. de Winton made some remarks on a small collection of mammal-skins from British Central Africa, transmitted by Mr. A. Sharpe; and he also exhibited the mounted heads of a male and female red-flanked duiker (*Cephalophus rufilatus*, Gray), collected by Mr. J. F. Abadie in the Borgu country of the Niger district; and the skull of a male of the same species obtained by Capt. W. Giffard near Gambaga, in the back country of the Gold Coast.—The Hon. W. Rothschild read a memoir on the cassowaries. He also exhibited the originals of the plates which are to illustrate the paper when published in the Society's *Transactions*.—Mr. C. W. Andrews gave a description of a new type of bird, the skull and pelvis of which had lately been discovered by Mr. W. H. Shrubsole, enclosed in a nodule in the London Clay of Sheppey. The specimen indicated the existence in the Lower Eocene of a bird which was nearly related to the tropic-birds (Phaethon), but in some respects approached the other steganopods (e.g., *Sula*) more closely than Phaethon did. This was particularly noticeable in the pelvis and hind limb, which in Phaethon and *Fregata* had undergone great reduction through partial disuse; while in the fossil they resembled the pelvis and hind limbs of the more normal steganopods in their relative size. The author regarded the specimen as belonging to a new form, for which the name *Prophaethon shrubsolei* (gen. et sp. nov.) was suggested.—A communication from Mr. J. Y. Johnson treated of the Antipatharian corals of Madeira, and a specimen from the West Indies in the British Museum. The eight species of these corals found in Madeira, one of which (*Leipathes expansa*) was described as new, were dealt with in the paper. A new variety of *Aphanipathes wollastoni*, viz. *A. wollastoni pilosa*, was defined, and the name of *Antipathella brooki* was given to a West Indian specimen in the collection of the British Museum.—Communications were read from Mr. Stanley S. Flower, containing notes on the proboscis monkey (*Nasalis larvatus*) made on a young male example of this animal which had lived for a short time in the Egyptian Zoological Gardens at Ghizeh,—from Mr. A. Sutherland on the temperature of the ratite birds, based on observations made on specimens of birds of this family in the Society's gardens,—by Mr. G. A. Boulenger on the American spade-foot (*Scaphiopus solitarius*, Holbrook), in which he pointed out that this frog had affinities with both Pelobatæ and Pelodytes, and that these three genera together formed one natural family, viz., the Pelobatidae,—and by Mr. W. L. H. Duckworth on the female chimpanzee known as Johanna, living in the menagerie of Messrs. Barnum & Bailey. The history and habits, diet in captivity, intellectual attainments, physical proportions, and appearance of this ape were dealt with in the paper, as also was the question of species, the author regarding the specimen as allied to the chimpanzees rather than to the gorilla.—Three communications were read from Mr. R. Lydekker. The first dealt with a new species of kob antelope (specimens of which had recently been received in a collection from Sierra Leone), under the name of *Cobus nigricans*. He also drew



attention to a skin of a kob from Barotseland, recently received at the British Museum, which he had identified with *C. senganus*. The specimens of the latter form he stated differed so slightly from the type of *C. vardonii* that he was inclined to regard them as not worthy of specific rank, and to refer them to a sub-species which he proposed to call *C. vardonii senganus*. The second paper described a specimen of a leopard from the Caucasus, belonging to the collection of Prince Demidoff, differing in several respects from the common leopard, which he proposed to regard as a sub-species under the name of *Felis pardus tulliana*. The third related to the former existence of a sirenian of some kind in St. Helena, which had been noticed by former observers in that island, but to which no reference had been made by recent authors.—Mr. F. E. Beddard read a paper on the brain of the capybara (*Hydrochærus capybara*), based on examination of specimens in the Society's gardens. He also read a paper, by himself and Miss Sophie M. Fedarb, on the anatomy of the worms *Perichæta biserialis* and its variations, and *Trichocephala hesperidum*.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson read a paper on the zoological distribution of tuberculosis, from observations made mainly in the Society's gardens. Of 215 autopsies made in the Prosecutor's Room during the past six months, 49 presented the lesions of tuberculosis, i.e. 25.3 per cent. of the mammals and birds. This mortality fell most heavily upon the ruminants and Gallinae, and least so upon the Carnivores and raptors. Race or family appeared to exert little influence upon susceptibility, mode of housing only a small amount, and food and food-habits much more. A close correspondence appeared to exist between immunity and the relative size of the heart in both birds and mammals.—Communications were read from Dr. A. G. Butler on a small collection (consisting of nineteen specimens) of butterflies sent home from Muscat by Lieut.-Col. A. S. G. Jayakar, by Dr. J. W. Gregory on the West Indian species of corals of the genus *Madrepora*, and from Marquis Ivrea on the black roederer of Hanover.—This meeting closed the session of 1898-9.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Royal Institution, 5.—General Monthly.  
Wed. Archaeological Institute, 4.—Recent Excavations in the Forum at Rome, Dr. R. Forbes; 'Roman Antiquities in the Rhineland,' Prof. B. Lewis.

## Science Gossip.

THE sixth volume of the 'Cambridge Natural History,' completing Dr. David Sharp's admirable treatise on insects, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. this month.

THE planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the sun on the 22nd inst., and visible in the evening during the greater part of the month, situated in the constellation Leo, and passing a little to the south of its brightest star, Regulus, on the 25th. Venus is a morning star, rising somewhat later each day, and passing in the course of the month from Taurus into Gemini; on the morning of the 6th she will be very near the moon, which is new on the evening of the following day. Mars is moving from the western to the eastern part of the constellation Leo, and by the end of this month will set soon after 9 o'clock in the evening. Jupiter is visible now until about midnight, but sets earlier as the month advances; he will be near the moon on the 16th, then a day past her first quarter. Saturn, situated near the boundary of the constellations Scorpio and Ophiuchus, will be due south at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 9th, and at 9 o'clock on that of the 23rd.

## FINE ARTS

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Fifth and Concluding Notice.)

THE sculptures are finer than ever, more highly inspired, more learned and studious, and adapted to standards of art which, though they influenced individual artists, were very far indeed from being observed a few years back by the majority of the contributors, who seemed, so to say, to live upon conventions that were lifeless and dull. Now life is observable everywhere, and there are few exhibitions of unmitigated stupidity. One of the first groups to catch the visitor's eye in the Central Hall

is a learned and animated one by Mr. C. J. Allen, called *Rescued* (No. 1879), which is only slightly academical. In *Love and the Mermaid* (2003) the same artist has depicted with great spirit and originality the maid clasping Cupid's feet with intense passion. As sculptures these figures leave little to be desired.—The *James Watt* (1882) of Mr. H. C. Fehr, a somewhat over-realistic figure, is meritorious, but to suit the subject there should have been more repose about it.—The *Eve* (1881), reclining and weeping, of Mr. Longmaid, is highly finished and delicately carved; the design, too, is expressive.—Spontaneous and fresh is Mr. J. W. Rollins's *Water Baby* (1885).—No. 1887, by Mr. A. Drury, is part of a design for an electric light, comprising owls and a quaint cradle. Mr. Drury's *J. Priestley* (1890), intended for the City Square at Leeds, is an appropriate record of the great chemist.—Mr. A. C. Lucchesi's *The Myrtle's Altar* (1894), a nymph, is full of grace and spirit, but the title does not suggest the charming statue.—Very good and natural, Mr. R. Garbe's *Portrait of a Child* (1900) may be praised for a sweet and ingenuous face and expression.—*Song and Dance* (1905), by Mr. G. Simonds, three wading birds dancing to the music of Ariel, a design for a fountain, is delightfully graceful, vigorous, and original.—*The Four Winds* (1906), by Mr. C. Dressler, consisting of a massive square shaft sustaining a sundial and excellent emblematic figures of the winds drifting with fluttering draperies, is decidedly spirited, and it is well suited for a noble terrace or a garden.—There is much vivacity in Mr. G. Cowell's idea and its rendering in the group of a genius guiding a snail with a bridle, and entitled '*Four wild snails I've taught their paces*' (1908).—Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's colossal *Oliver Cromwell* (1910) is intended for Westminster Hall, but, owing to the distinct lack of that stern and somewhat rugged force which we associate with the Protector's personality, it does not by any means so nearly satisfy us as the original model did, which has a great deal more *verve* and intensity than the finished bronze.

Passing from the Central Hall to the Lecture Room and its nearly one hundred and fifty pieces in all manners and materials of sculpture, the visitor will find an even greater proportion of choice works than are usually to be seen there. Admirable, full of art and life, and endowed with a quaint sort of virility which is common in Herr Haehnel's famous figures of lions and bulls, is his *Owl* (1913); the humour in the half-closed eye and its half-opened companion should not escape notice.—The bust of *A Peri* (1912), by Miss L. G. Williams, has a wistful look which is poetical as well as taking.—*Fate*, a medallion, by Mr. R. H. A. Willis, a figure in a circle, is an apt composition, and the attitude is spirited.—*Sleep* (1920), by Mrs. C. Barker, abounds in style and beauty; the modelling is refined.—The nude figure in a realistic manner which Miss L. G. Williams has styled *Sappho* (1921), is very properly so named on account of its vivacity and grace, but the feet are too large.—Nothing of the kind we have seen for a long time excels Mr. E. Onslow Ford's charmingly ingenuous portrait at life size of *Prince Leopold of Battenberg* (1923). The same artist contributes the profoundly dignified and yet perfectly natural and most touching bust of *The Queen* (2053). This work is a combination of art, sympathy, and insight; it errs, if in anything, in being almost too elaborate for marble. Not to be ungrateful for so fine a thing, this is the worst fault we can venture to find with it. *Sir W. Agnew* (2015), by Mr. Ford, is superbly carved, and is also eminently faithful.—Mr. J. M. Swan, better known as an animal painter, excels himself in the snake-like *Leopard Running* (1927), a statuette in bronze.—No. 1932, by Mr. G. J. Frampton, called *St. George*, is a gilt and enamelled figure in armour standing on an onyx sphere. It is

altogether a beautiful and suitable revival of the fine Italian methods of the sixteenth century, and in its finish and completeness excels most of them.—In No. 1931, *Love's Sport*, Mr. E. L. Dunkley has shown with much liveliness and a happy taste how Cupid guides a crustacean.—No. 1942 is Mr. F. D. Wood's group of *Dante at Ravenna*, a good idea grandly expressed and boldly executed. We like Mr. Wood's bust of *Miss C. Maw* (1969) because it is expressive, animated, and delicately modelled.—Countess Gleichen sends a statuette of *Peace* (1960), which in its picturesque way is extremely clever and spirited.—Fine, simple, and expressive is Mr. H. Thornycroft's *John Colet* (1965), a capital memorial for the front of St. Paul's School.—Well composed and pathetic is *Mother and Child* (1976), by Miss F. Burlison.—No. 1995, by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, *The Snake-Charmer*, is at once quaint and vivacious.—Mr. F. D. Wood reverted to an ancient method, which is especially German and of the sixteenth century, when he carved in oak and placed in a helmet of metal, the expressive and suggestive head of *La Paimpolaise* (1998).—Mr. Armstead, who is always sound and learned, sends a fine medallion in bronze of *Frau F. Nissen* (2004), and a similar portrait of the late G. P. Boyce (2018), which is thoroughly good and characteristic.—We do not care much for Mr. Herkomer's confused group of designs in enamel and bronze, embodying some difficult commonplaces, which he calls *The Triumph of the Hour* (2016), where, at best, considerable force and skill have frittered away in irrelevancies.—*Sir Lancelot and the Nestling* (2037) is Mr. W. R. Stephens's best work, and of a most interesting nature, combining stateliness and grace.—Mr. W. G. John, whose reputation is rising with the development of his skill and ability, will secure an increase of reputation by his original and weird figure of the naked damsel crouching on a Runic stone, which he calls *The Elf* (2047). It is beautiful in its witch-like vivacity; its very attenuation is piquant, and the excessive bigness of the head is not inappropriate.—Mr. W. R. Colton was happy in designing *The Image Finder* (2048), a lean Indian putting on a bandage which is attached to a sculptured head. The figure's energy, though exaggerated, is great. It reminds us of the famous statue in the Luxembourg representing the finding of the head of Orpheus.—The last work to be seen in this gallery by the late Harry Bates is that which finely expresses the fine idea of the *Group* in ivory and bronze (2050), where, as if to give form to the pathos of the phrase "*Mors janua vitæ*," a dark genius unveils and crowns the naked virgin standing, or floating, at his side. The style is noble, the execution learned, and the types are beautiful. Of finish and fine taste there is nothing left to be desired in this admirable work.—Rather due to impatience than to mere ignorance of sculptural art are the roughness and lack of finish in Miss A. F. Gell's *At the Brook* (2051), a cleverly designed nude girl dipping an urn into a stream.—No. 2052, Mr. W. G. John's *Joyance*, a statue looking up with superabundant gladness and vitality, belongs to a fountain, and could hardly be better.—Mr. T. Brock's recumbent statue of the late *Archbishop of Canterbury* (2055) is an excellent example of what memorials of this sort usually are, and perhaps ought to be. Their fundamental ideals are mediæval, and profoundly pathetic.—The last sculpture we have to praise is the last in the exhibition, being Mr. W. R. Colton's erect and vigorous statue (2056) in bronze of a damsel putting on *The Girdle*, which is her sole ornament. The nude figure is of a naturalistic type, and learnedly and skilfully executed.

Our notes on the architectural examples must needs be brief. As a whole, they seem to be of unusually slight importance, while some of them are mere studies or drawings from existing

works—portraits, in fact, for which the Academy Exhibition is not the fittest place. The first fine thing that attracts our attention is Mr. G. Aitchison's diploma work, *The Royal Exchange Assurance* (1608), which is a model of a façade intended for such a place as Pall Mall, rich, though not confused, finely proportioned, and in its picturesqueness by no means forfeiting dignity. The Professor of Architecture thus amply justifies his reputation.—We pass several more than respectable works, such as *Two Wooden Bridges* (1635), by Messrs. E. George & Yeates, before reaching Mr. T. Batterbury's *Stone Front, 233, Strand* (1643), which is very satisfactory.—Mr. W. S. Bates's *Design for a Concert Hall* (1661) is excellent, original, and appropriate.—Mr. W. D. Caroe justifies his reputation by *The Tower, St. Mary Yate, Gloucester* (1675), which is remarkable for grace and dignity.—*Cavenham Hall* (1684), by Mr. A. N. Prentice, has the desired manorial air, and its proportions are excellent.—*House near Abingdon* (1686), by Mr. C. J. Blomfield, is noteworthy for its simplicity and tastefulness.—A capital suburban house of unusual elegance is Mr. L. Stokes's *No. 2, West Drive, Streatham Park* (1622); while there is a great deal to praise in *Branksee Castle* (1698), by Mr. R. S. Balfour; *Church of St. Matthew* (1716), by Mr. W. D. Caroe; *St. Luke's New Parish Church, Maidstone* (1777), by Mr. W. H. S. Smith; *Chancel of St. Michael and All Angels' (1738)*, by Mr. C. Spooner; *New Town Hall, Henley-on-Thames* (1765), by Mr. H. T. Hare; *New Buildings, New College, Oxford* (1737), the last instalment of Mr. Basil Champneys's finely proportioned and noble structures; and *House at Pyford* (1779), by Mr. W. F. Unsworth.

In the Black-and-White Room the etchings are exceptionally excellent, and they show that it is now distinctly understood that feeble draughtsmanship, roughness, and the inadequate representation of light and shade by means of contrasts of crude black and white are proofs of bad etching and the defect of power. The drawings are hardly so satisfactory. We admire the following in various degrees: the well-drawn head of *W. D. Eden, Esq.* (1445), by Mr. F. C. Cooper; the delicate rendering of *The Virgin and Child, after Mantegna* (1455), by Mr. M. Stainforth; Mr. A. Comfort's *A Sailor's Sweetheart* (1458); Mr. A. K. Morgan's *Corner in Bury* (1460); Mr. M. Menpes's unusually neat and lightly touched *Kitty* (1461), and his *Jessie* (1473); Mr. R. W. Macbeth's *Midnight Moths* (1474), although it hardly does justice to his own picture of 'Sparklets'; *La Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau* (1478), by Mr. A. H. Fisher; *Forge at Samaden* (1481), by Mr. E. M. Synge; *High Street, Kensington* (1484), by Miss C. M. Pott; a group of designs from the *Song of Solomon* (1498-1500), by Mr. H. G. Fell; *The Washington Post* (1507), dancers, by Mr. L. Davis; *Susanne* (1517), a drawing of a head at life size, by Miss M. F. Clarkson; and *The Snake-Charmer* (1535), a beautiful head, admirably drawn by Miss B. Offer.

## SALES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON & WOODS sold on the 24th ult. the following pictures, the property of Mr. R. Paterson Pattison: *S. Bough, Dysart*, 267*l.* K. Heffner, *Early Morning, Zaandam*, 126*l.* J. Israëls, *Going Home*, 357*l.* J. Maris, *A Town on a Dutch River*, 525*l.*; *A Dutch Fishing Boat Ashore*, 1,417*l.* W. Maris, *Three Cows on the Banks of a River*, 220*l.* M. de Munkacsy, *Music hath Charms*, 199*l.* E. Nicol, *The Dose*, 110*l.* W. Q. Orchardson, *Hamlet and Ophelia*, 630*l.* J. Pettie, *The Challenge*, 141*l.* G. Romney, *Viscountess Melville*, 945*l.*; *Head of Lady Hamilton*, 955*l.* P. Sadée, *Waiting for the Fishing Boats*, 110*l.* Sir L. Alma Tadema, *A Girl reclining by a Fountain*, 357*l.*

The same auctioneers sold on the 26th and 27th ult. the remaining works of the late Mr. Birket Foster, including the following drawings:

Walberswick, Suffolk, 94*l.*; *On Hambledon Common*, 89*l.*; *The Weald of Surrey*, 173*l.*; *Southwold, from the Black Ferry*, 86*l.*; *Girl washing at a Brook near Loch Awe*, 89*l.*; *Waterfall, Loch Achray*, 60*l.*; *Loch Maree, from the Polewe Road*, 50*l.*; *Old Mill near Braemar*, 99*l.*; *Old Mill, Braemar*, 98*l.*; *Hayfield*, 73*l.*; *Taynuilt*, 73*l.*; *Highland Cottages near Taynuilt*, 105*l.*; *Ben Cruachan*, 168*l.*; *The Hermitage Bridge, Dunkeld*, 178*l.*; *Loch Awe*, 178*l.*; *Roses in a Blue Vase*, 54*l.*; *Procession on Pardon Day, Quimper*, 159*l.*; *An Italian Lake Scene*, 105*l.*; *In a Garden of the Alhambra*, 52*l.*; *A Market in Seville*, 210*l.*; *An Illustrated Paper*, 66*l.*; *The Kitten* (unfinished), 90*l.*; *The Drinking Trough*, 84*l.* A picture entitled *Hounds breaking Cover* fetched 162*l.*

Of 'Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante,' a picture which measures 30 in. by 25 in., the first mention we find is in Sir Joshua Reynolds's account-book, as printed by Cotton in 1849, under the date "Sep., 1784. Sir William Hamilton, for Bacchante, 52*l.* 10*s.*" This is ranked as a second payment, though what that may amount to is, owing to Cotton's carelessness, by no means conclusive; there is no other entry to indicate a previous payment, except the much earlier, but indefinite one of "Sir William Hamilton, 12*l.* 12*s.*," which can hardly refer to the picture of 1784. Whether Lady Hamilton actually sat for the picture is left in doubt, though her face, so often painted by Romney, must have greatly resembled that in the portrait which passed under the hammer on Wednesday last, and is beyond question due to Reynolds, although considerably repaired. The legend is not strengthened by the facts that in June, 1784, Miss Emma Hart (*alias* Lyon) was the mistress of the Hon. Mr. Charles Greville. In May, 1784, John Raphael Smith, then living at No. 83, Oxford Street, published a very fine mezzotinted fancy portrait of her as "painted by G. Romney," representing her with a spaniel dog in her arms. In September of the same year (which is that of the payment to Reynolds) the same engraver issued from the same address a still more famous print, entitled 'A Bacchante,' "painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds." The latter, although it differs in certain details, is manifestly due to the picture Messrs. Foster sold on Wednesday. It was put up at 1,000 guineas, and ultimately bought by Mr. Davis, of Bond Street, for 4,300 guineas.

Sir Joshua seems to have painted Lady Hamilton more than once—at least, a picture of his bearing her name was sold in the Marchioness of Thomond's sale, May, 1821, for 212*l.* As to Sir W. Hamilton's 'Bacchante' by Sir Joshua, that was purchased (March 27th, 1801) by Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne for, according to Buchanan ('*Memoirs*,' ii. 75), 125 guineas. That conscientious dealer further stated that lot 50 was "His [Reynolds's] original 'Bacchante,' painted on panel"; and he added, "This picture has for many years met with the universal approbation of the dilettanti in Italy, and was engraved before it went abroad." The picture sold on Wednesday is on canvas, so here Buchanan seems to have erred. We next hear of it in the British Institution, 1843, as No. 34, and lent by T. Chamberlayne, Esq. The 'Bacchante' with a dog, by Romney, and engraved by J. R. Smith, is said to have gone, like the Reynolds, to Hamilton at Naples. But this seems to be a mistake; the Romney of 'A Half-length of a Lady with a Dog,' sold at the Hamilton sale, was a drawing, and fetched 16 guineas only. Henry Meyer engraved 'Lady Hamilton holding a Dog' from a Romney which belonged to Mr. J. Lister Parker, of Browsholme; and Lord De Tabley lent to the Art Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, 1857, and again to the Academy in 1884, a Romney named 'Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante,' but there is no dog in this picture. Lastly, we hear of what is obviously

the painting sold on Wednesday as No. 195 in the Grosvenor Gallery, 1888, as 'Portrait of Lady Hamilton,' and lent by [the late] Sir Clare Ford. Of this exhibition the catalogue says—on authority, of course—that it "has always, in the family of the owner, been called a Romney"; and further, it says that "it had belonged to Mr. B. Booth, great-grandfather of the late owner, Mr. Richard Ford [of Spain], who has recorded that Lawrence and Mr. Munro of Novar were alike confident that this work was by Sir Joshua himself, and not by Romney." To this opinion the author of the catalogue came, for, despite the tradition of the Ford family, he did not hesitate to credit Sir Joshua with No. 195. Romney's Emma Hart as a 'Bacchante' is now in the National Gallery—at least, one of his pictures of her in that character is there.

## FINE-ART SOCIETY.

AN exhibition of antiquities and Greek papyrus from the Fayûm, discovered last winter by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, and of papyrus from Oxyrhynchus, will be held at the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, from July 5th to 11th. A selection of antiquities from Naukratis found by Mr. Hogarth, Director of the British School at Athens, will be exhibited at the same time.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS will be glad to know that Messrs. J. L. Myres and Richter's 'Catalogue of Antiquities in the Cyprus Museum,' which has been printed at the Clarendon Press, will be published almost immediately.

MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co., 5, Regent Street, S.W., have on view a selection of paintings by M. Théodore Roussel as well as a number of Dutch water-colour drawings.—Messrs. J. Boussod, Manzi, Joyaut & Co., 25, Bedford Street, Strand, open to the public to-day (Saturday) a collection, printed in colours, of original etchings by the above-named M. Roussel.—Mr. R. Gutekunst has on view at 16, King Street, St. James's, a considerable number of etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, A. Diirer, and Méryon, among deceased masters, as well as similar works by MM. Whistler, Legros, and others among the living.—Mr. E. T. Reed has issued invitations to amateurs and admirers of his art to view in the Fine-Art Society's gallery his exhibition of *Punch* drawings, comprising 'Parliamentary and Pre-Historic Peeps.'

THE Berlin Photographic Company, having obtained authority from the representatives of the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, are about to publish an important series of large photogravures from his pictures, including, indeed, all his principal works. Negatives have already been taken, it is interesting to know, in the garden of the house at North End, Fulham, which was Richardson's before it was Burne-Jones's. The supervision of the photogravure has been undertaken by the painter's son, Sir Philip, who has generously decided to let the large remuneration to which he was entitled on all accounts go to the Committee of the Burne-Jones Memorial Fund, which has been established to purchase for the nation a picture by the deceased master. The book will be published in two editions, of which the first, printed on hand-made Japanese paper, will be limited to two hundred sets, and issued in or about May next.

ALL works intended to compete for the British Institution Scholarships, 1899, must be delivered at the east entrance of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, between ten and six o'clock, on the 14th inst. Forms of certificates required to accompany the works, and copies of the rules applicable to the competition, may be obtained, by letter only, from the Trustees of the Scholarship Fund, 19, York Buildings, Adelphi.



THE Yorkshire Archaeological Society will make its first excursion next Thursday. It will visit Skipwith, Bubwith, Wressle, and Heming-borough.

AN international exhibition of works by contemporary artists is to be held at Amsterdam in September and October.

## MUSIC

## THE WEEK.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Madame Carreño's Pianoforte Recitals.  
CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Elijah."  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Richter Concert.

SINCE the recent appearance of Madame Carreño at the Queen's Hall she has given two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall (June 16th and 23rd). This artist's performance of the Tchaikowsky Concerto gave ample proof of finished technique, marked intelligence, and character. But with regard to this concerto there is no special tradition; Madame Carreño gave us her reading, and it satisfied us. With Beethoven's music it is otherwise. Rubinstein, to those who can remember him in his prime and at his best, was an ideal interpreter of the master's sonatas; his readings of the sonatas in F minor (Op. 57) and c sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 2), like Joachim's reading of the Violin Concerto, form the highest possible standard. Madame Carreño may not make us forget the player and think only of the music, she may not make manifest the full meaning and power of the tone-poems, and yet her renderings are highly interesting. She played both the sonatas named above, one at each concert; in the F minor she kept herself a little too much under restraint, while in the c sharp minor, especially in the finale, passion was in excess of poetry. Madame Carreño's Chopin playing was unequal; some pieces were given with delightful freshness, charm, and refinement, but some seemed over-studied. The performance of Schumann's 'Études Symphoniques' at the first concert was perhaps, on the whole, the lady's greatest triumph; it was a great reading of a great work.

A performance of 'Elijah' was given last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. The programme-book spoke of the popularity of the oratorio, "which has continued to increase until it has arrived at a level with that of Handel's great work" (i.e. 'The Messiah'). But if equal in popularity, in merit there is a vast difference between the two oratorios. Mendelssohn's music lacks the depth, the bold and the subtle touches, the sublimity in fact, of that of Handel. Yet, however superior the one may be to the other, the tendency, so prevalent at the present day, to depreciate Mendelssohn and his works is to be regretted. 'Elijah' has its weaknesses; if weighed in Wagnerian art-balances it will certainly be found wanting; and yet it bears many marks of greatness. The performance at the Crystal Palace was scarcely satisfactory as regards the choruses; there was a lack of point, precision, life. The *tempi* in several instances—more especially in the first "Baal," and in the "Earthquake" choruses—were dragged. With a chorus of three thousand voices and an orchestra of five hundred scattered over a

wide area, it is, of course, difficult for a conductor to control his forces, yet with even larger numbers we have had better results from Mr. Manns. If, on the one hand, the choral singing did not satisfy us, on the other hand the quality and balance of tone of the choir was delightful; for softness and richness it reminded us of the Birmingham Festival Choir. It was heard to great advantage in "Help, Lord," and in "He watching over Israel." Madame Albani was in splendid voice, and altogether at her best. Miss Clara Butt sang well; "O rest in the Lord" was rendered without exaggeration and without any dragging. Mr. Ben Davies was in fine form, and Mr. Santley once again interpreted the Prophet's music with all the dignity and fervour of past years; though time, of course, has robbed his voice of some of its richness. The other vocalists, who acquitted themselves well, were Miss Stanley Lucas, Miss Florence Power, and MM. Arthur Thompson and Franklin Clive. To refer for a moment to the text of 'Elijah,' it would be curious to know how the "reward" in Isaiah lviii. 8 of the Authorized Version came to be changed into "reward" in the final chorus of the oratorio. There is sense in the former term; but what meaning is to be attached to "and the glory of the Lord ever shall reward you"?

The sixth and last Richter Concert took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. The programme opened with the clever Overture to 'Der Barbier von Bagdad' by P. Cornelius. Mr. Ben Davies then sang, and with great success, the "Prayer" from 'Rienzi,' an opera which, with exception of the Overture and this Prayer, seems to have passed into oblivion. It is an early work, and there is very much in it of which the composer in his later years no doubt repented, yet a performance from time to time would, we venture to think, prove interesting. We revive 'Lucia,' why then should we not revive 'Rienzi'? Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 5, in E minor, which came next, proved an interesting novelty. In the rhapsodies already introduced by Dr. Richter a slow movement is followed by a quick one. This No. 5 consists entirely of a slow movement of sombre character—an "elegy on the death of a gipsy chief," as appropriately suggested by Mr. Barry in the programme-book. The music has breadth and atmosphere. Madame Ella Russell sang Wagner's 'Der Engel' and 'Träume,' but was far more successful in the *Liebes-Duet* from Act I. of 'Die Walküre.' Some of her upper notes, however, were harsh. Mr. Ben Davies (Siegfried) was excellent, although in his intelligent rendering of the music one recognized the concert rather than the stage singer. The programme concluded with Beethoven's c minor Symphony. Dr. Richter's autumn season will consist of the usual three concerts, on October 23rd and 30th, and November 6th. His present interesting series has been most successful, and whenever he returns he will be welcome.

## Musical Gossip.

HERR GEORG LIEBLING gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. In some clever, showy pieces of his own, and in a pleasing 'Nocturne' by Brassin, the pianist displayed his skill as an executant, also his refined touch. The Liszt version of the 'Faust' Valse gave him further opportunity of technical display; but whatever induced him to select such a tawdry transcription? The best thing with such ephemeral stuff is to forgive and forget; it is unworthy of the composer of the 'Consolations' and the 'Rhapsodies Hongroises.' Herr Liebling's rendering of Mendelssohn's 'Rondo Capriccioso' was patchy and too pointed. The last piece in the programme was Schubert's 'Wanderer' Fantasia. The actual playing was good, but the reading small. The programme commenced with some Chopin pieces, followed by Beethoven's Sonata in F minor. Of these we cannot speak, as we were at the Steinway Hall listening to Madame Riss-Arbeau. This lady, it may be remembered, visited London last season and gave a series of recitals of Chopin's music. Her technique proved excellent and her memory astonishing, yet in spite of these and other good qualities, she revealed more of the letter than of the spirit of Chopin's music. On Tuesday she played first of all Liszt's transcription of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor with both skill and intelligence. Her rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor (Op. 57) was clear and free from all exaggeration. The first movement was especially good; the *andante*, however, lacked soul, and the finale true passion. Judging from these two specimens, we conclude that Madame Arbeau is heard to better advantage in music in which emotion is not the preponderating factor.

THE Wagner-Tchaikowsky concert at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening attracted a large audience. The programme opened with the 'Pathetic Symphony,' a work which will certainly bear many hearings, but is being played with almost dangerous frequency. The performance under the direction of Mr. Wood was excellent, though the second movement was not up to the conductor's highest standard; it was, in fact, a trifle limp. The duet from the second act of 'Lohengrin' was not satisfactory. Madame Blauvelt as Elsa sang her part well, but Miss Kirkby Lunn was faulty in intonation and her rendering of her music heavy. The concert concluded with the first act of 'Die Walküre,' "in German and without cuts." The vocalists were Miss Helen Jaxon, Mr. Ellison van Hoose, and Herr Emil Senger. Much of the singing was good, though dramatically tame. The music loses much apart from the stage; for the present, however, the public when listening to Wagner seems satisfied.

'LA PRISE DE TROIE,' the first part of Berlioz's 'Les Troyens,' is in rehearsal at the Paris Opera. The second part, 'Les Troyens à Carthage,' was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1863, but, as the composer graphically describes in his 'Mémoires,' in sadly mutilated form. Now, thirty years after the death of Berlioz, the second part of his *opus magnum* is to be given on the French stage. The work was first produced in its entirety at Carlsruhe in 1890, under the direction of Herr Felix Mottl.

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE has resigned the post of conductor of the Philharmonic Society's concerts, which he has occupied during a term of seven years.

MR. R. S. HICHENS, author of 'The Green Carnation' and 'Flames,' is compelled, owing to pressure of literary work, to resign his post of musical critic on the *World*. Mr. A. Kalisch has been appointed his successor.

THE letters of Wagner to Otto Wesendonck, and those to Emil Heckel, have been translated by Mr. W. Ashton Ellis. The two volumes





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